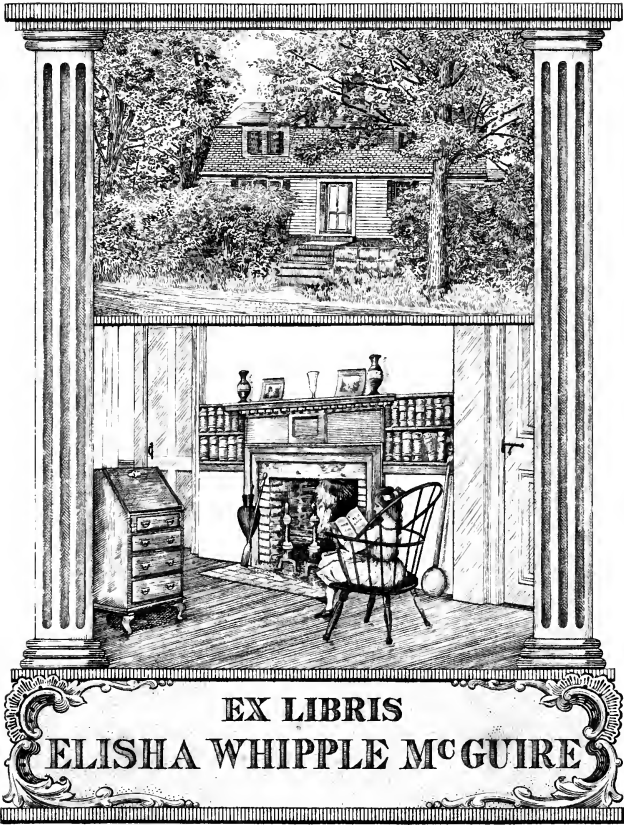


BONCHURCH
SHANKLIN
AND
THE UNDERCLIFF



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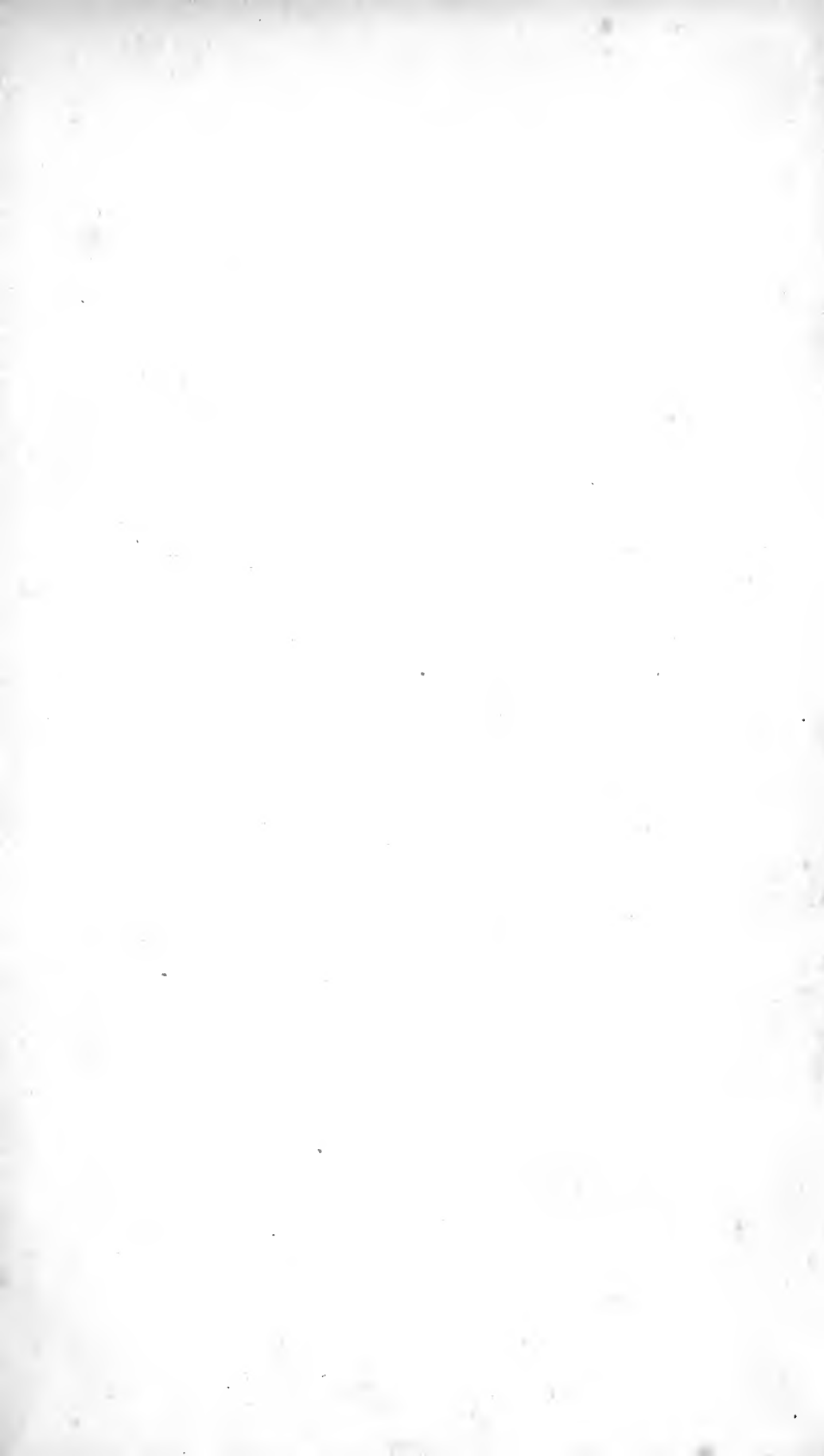
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From a sketch by W. H. Cooke.

Engraved by Saml. Brackshaw.

PULPIT ROCK, BONCHURCH.

BONCHURCH,
SHANKLIN & THE UNDERCLIFF,

And their Vicinities,

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

BY

W. B. COOKE.

LONDON:

W. B. COOKE, 9, CAMDEN SQUARE, CAMBERWELL;

LEGGATT, HAYWARD, & LEGGATT, 79, CORNHILL;

And Sold by all the Principal Booksellers of the Isle of Wight.

1849.

TO THE READER.

ACTUATED by a desire to describe with artistical feeling the extraordinary district of the Isle of Wight, extending from SHANKLIN to BLACK GANG, the present work is submitted to the admirers of that enchanting spot, in the hope it may convey the impression which the scene itself is calculated to inspire.

Every endeavour has been made to give a faithful description, and to point out to the visitor and tourist all the objects of the most interesting character hitherto unheeded. No trouble nor expense have been spared to render this effort of the "pen and pencil" worthy of public patronage and support.

The work commences with BONCHURCH, its

ivy-covered rocks, and its luxuriant foliage. Then succeeds SHANKLIN, its beautiful Chine, overspread by trees and verdure, its pleasing vicinity, and the wild region of the Landslip at East End. VENTNOR and the UNDERCLIFF follow; and the work terminates with Black Gang, on whose dark Chine no vegetation whatever appears, and which, in its gloomy grandeur, like a giant, seems brooding beside the vast and barren desolation of the great Landship at Knowles.

Whose girdled cliffs at sea loom large and high,
Like steps colossal leading to the sky!
And where its yawning cavern, on the shore,
Repeats the thunder of the ocean's roar!

BONCHURCH.

AMONGST all the pictorial scenery of the Isle of Wight, Bonchurch stands pre-eminent in beauty. Its lofty range of uppercliff, chiefly formed of the green sand-stone strata, crowned by the most luxuriant ivy, immediately attracts the notice, and excites the admiration of every visitor. Above this craggy wall, rises the mighty mass of mountain-down, whose smooth sloping surface so finely contrasts with the richness of the foliage displayed below, — trees of the greatest variety, branching out in the most beautiful forms, while their stems are clothed with creeping evergreens, that are clinging to them, or falling in graceful tresses waving in the air. Amidst this

exuberant mass peeps forth the white villa, sunlit and shining, between the dark green trees. And hark! the gurgling of the running brook!

The stranger, while approaching Bonchurch from Ventnor by the high road, observes, on the left, the delightful Cottage called St. Boniface House, thatched,* and embosomed in trees, and backed by the noble Down, which rises abruptly behind it. Passing onwards, the Vale of Bonchurch begins. Here, on the way-side, to the left, appears a bold, rocky scene, from whose dark chasm beneath issues a copious stream of the most pellucid water, filling a small pond, or natural basin containing gold and silver fish, and so transparent as to show the aquatic plants at its bottom, in the most lovely green, while its glassy surface is here and there adorned by the water-lily, its white bloom resting on its expanded leaf. From the upper part of the rock descend a

* In June, 1849, the picturesque thatch has been replaced by *slates*.

few silvery threads of crystal water, splashing and sparkling in the morning's sun, exhibiting at times, in front of the dark chasm, the prismatic colours of the rainbow.

Proceeding along the vale, we hear the gushing of the Waterfall,—a recently-formed cascade, admirably contrived by the spirited proprietor of Pulpit Rock,* who seems to spare neither expense nor trouble in improving and adorning this little earthly paradise. The stream is abundant, and is so tastefully managed, as to fall on successive ledges, displaying the appearance of a cluster of cascades playing in various directions. The water then takes a serpentine course, between banks overspread by branching shrubs, and flows beside the road, towards the Pond of Bonchurch, which it replenishes, and then makes its way by a subterraneous passage, and again opens on the side of the Old Church, from

* This handsome addition to the beauties of Bonchurch, was converted from a rude osier-bed into the elegant scene it now presents. It was completed early in the spring of 1849.

whence it runs rapidly towards the cliff upon the shore,—

When, falling on the beach below,
It mingles with the sea ;
Like mortal life, in varied flow,
To meet Eternity !

CLIMATE.

SITUATED at one extremity of the kingdom, great indeed must be the attraction possessed by Bonchurch and its vicinity, since that place has been selected for the residence of invalids by the highest Medical Authorities; and the importance which is attached to its climate cannot be more fully proved, than by considering that persons of the utmost respectability travel annually hundreds of miles, to avail themselves of that air, and to enjoy those alleviations of suffering which are in vain sought in other parts of Great Britain. A man must have a strong conviction of the salubrity of a district who, *even under the best*

medical advice, will leave his comfortable home and his family, to spend a few months in a secluded spot like that we are about to describe. But many strangers to the Island, hearing of the mildness of the climate of the Undercliff in winter, conclude that the heat in summer must be in proportion great and inconvenient. Such is, however, far from being the case, the perpetual verdure of the spot, the abundance of foliage, together with the influence of the refreshing sea-breeze, which at Bonchurch is particularly prevalent, render the summers in this highly-favoured place *comparatively cool* and delicious; and an evening or morning at Bonchurch, in the hottest months of autumn, when the sun's direct rays, before six in the morning and after six in the evening, are intercepted by the lofty Downs, can only be properly appreciated when known from actual experience. There is, perhaps, no other climate in all England so truly grateful to the feelings at this season of the year; the lower houses at Bonchurch being at least one

hundred feet above the sea-level, "are but little exposed to the *direct* influence of the sea air, a circumstance which (Sir James Clark, in his work on 'Climate,' says), in a medical point of view, is of important consideration."

Thus the summer climate of Bonchurch is rather *bracing* than relaxing; and those whose happy lot it is to be located at the Eastern end of the great Undercliff, know the value of an afternoon's stroll in the Landslip, which, from its south-eastern aspect, has very little sun after two o'clock.

Exclusive of the magnificent and sublime scenery of Bonchurch and its immediate neighbourhood, together with that treasure in its climate, which is acknowledged by all, the Undercliff, until lately, had little to offer as an attraction to visitors. Five or six years since, Bonchurch presented comparatively but few inducements to the winter resident. Comforts and convenience could then but seldom be found, in consequence of the small number of

good houses at that time erected at the spot. Its high reputation has, however, not only drawn increasing attention to its site, but Villas of the first class have since been built, in situations, than which, no lovelier spots can be found in the United Kingdom. These Villas appear to have been constructed and fitted up with every attention to the pleasant accommodation of inmates, which exalted taste and liberality can devise. At that time, also, *Ventnor* possessed no fashionable and extensive "Esplanade," to relieve the monotony of a village walk,—no public institutions,—scarcely a level of one hundred yards in extent, for the exercise of those whose affliction would render the ascent of a hill a serious inconvenience. Here was the anomaly of a watering-place without possessing proper facilities for sea-bathing—no fine sandy shore for Lady Visitors—nothing beyond the romantic loveliness of its surrounding scenery to induce the yacht-loving Englishman to venture a landing on this iron-bound and rock-defended shore; and

when, from mere curiosity, he took a hasty peep at Ventnor, he saw, at best, a straggling, though somewhat picturesque Town, which, beyond two or three good Inns, and some pleasant and retired lodging-houses, could not be said to boast of much attraction beyond the consideration that, in this district, thousands had been restored to their families, whose well-timed visits had proved the consummate penetration of that distinguished physician already named,* who, by his work on "Climate," has conferred so great a benefit on his countrymen.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the extraordinary Natural Beauties of this vicinity, it is to the exhilarating *air and climate* principally, that we may attribute the rapid change and improvement which this district has recently undergone.

While the artist and author of this unpretending Volume feels unwonted pleasure in offering these commendations of the spot, by an anxious endeavour to embody them by "pencil and by pen," the gradual but steady

* Sir James Clark.

development may be easily traced of the great capabilities of a tract like Bonchurch and Ventnor becoming thoroughly adapted for the residence of the afflicted, by the great alterations and additions already made, and still in progress, contributing to the comfort of domestic life, without in any way destroying or mutilating the magnificent picture, which Nature, in her most beautiful garb, presents to the eye of the admiring Tourist. This charming locality is indebted for these improvements to the refined taste and unremitting exertions of Dr. Leeson.*

PULPIT ROCK.

The Magnificent View from its Castellated Tower described.

THIS superb scene, in its varied character and richness of foliage, unquestionably surpasses any other spot in the Island, and will be appreciated by all who possess any taste for the

* Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, proprietor of Pulpit Rock, Rosemount, Orchard Leigh, Mountfield, and other property in Bonchurch.

sublime and beautiful. The following description may give the reader some idea of its grandeur.

Immediately adjoining the castellated tower, though at a somewhat lower situation, appears the Pulpit Rock itself, forming the boldest feature in the view—its horizontal ledges weatherbeaten and honeycombed, while the interstices between them are marked in the darkest shade. The crag juts forth beyond its parent cliff, and seems to be almost suspended in the air, while, stained as it is by various coloured lichens, it glows in sunlight in the richest hue. On its summit is placed a rustic wooden cross.

The head of this singular rock was *formerly* surrounded by a wooden enclosure, to which was appended a slight bridge, that gave access to visitors for beholding the neighbouring scenery, and hence it took its name. The prospect *now* afforded from the castellated tower above it, is enjoyed with much greater facility, and yields a still more enchanting and comprehensive view. It is 400 feet above the

sea, while the hills behind it rise another 400 feet, giving to these immense Downs an altitude of 800 feet above the level of the sea.

Looking towards the west, over the Town of Ventnor, which appears from hence to the greatest advantage, (its Church and spire picturesquely rising near its Grove,) we observe the turret of the Tower of Steephill Castle above a distant group of trees, while, beyond it, the bold range of Uppercliff is seen stretching from St. Lawrence as far as the turn of the coast towards Niton, a distance comprehending the most romantic scenery of the Island; while the whole is bounded by the wide-spread sea, in the magnificent curve of a semicircle of the most brilliant blue.

Immediately below us, are seen the curiously terraced grounds of Pulpit Rock, so remarkable for their charming variety. By cutting away and removing a large portion of the cliff, a lawn of considerable extent has been obtained, where Nature had previously presented nothing but a rugged steep. Several caverns (one of them of a large size and of most

extraordinary formation) have been opened, by removing the earth and fragments of stone with which they have been filled up since the disruption of the cliff.

In one of the caverns is a most perfect and unique specimen of the beak of an Ammonite, which was removed while excavating the rock for the building of Rosemount, a villa contiguous to Pulpit Rock. From hence the handsome Villa, named Pulpit Rock, is seen below. A mossy lawn of the finest verdure, sloping to the south and west, bounded on its northern side by overhanging rocks, amidst which, geraniums, mignonette, verbenas, petunias, and a variety of other greenhouse plants flourish all winter long. Parterres of fragrant flowers, and walks adorned at their sides by the choicest shrubs, add to the charming variety of the scene; whilst winding paths, along terraced slopes, lead to sequestered alcoves, rocky grotts, and shady bowers; and beneath are seen trees of luxuriant growth overhanging the vale. In a flower-garden belonging to these extensive grounds, is a fine old Italian-marble

Vase, which formerly embellished the gardens of the late Earl of Dysart, whose thatched Cottage then stood where Steephill Castle now lifts its embattled Tower.

The western Pathway from the tower descends through a woody steep to the foot of the Pulpit Rock, where is placed a sheltered seat commanding a most lovely view of Bonchurch; the immense variety of luxuriant evergreens and ivy rendering the prospect, even in winter, ever verdant, giving it the appearance of perpetual summer.

The eastern descent from the tower leads to a most picturesque natural Archway, through which a pathway has been constructed, which enables persons to observe how the rocks hurled from the solid cliff, have been arrested in their downward course, so as to form this singular specimen of Nature's masonry.

Near the grape-vines which are here trained against the rock, may be noticed the four-foot bed of freestone, (much prized for building purposes,) whose outline is strongly marked by deeply-indented adjacent ledges, resulting

from the very soft nature of the intervening strata, and the hard and unyielding character of the beds of *Rag*, which lie above and below. Higher up, the worn, weather-beaten, and far-projecting crags of flinty strata, termed *Shatter-wit*, forcibly arrest the attention of the beholder, and contribute much, by their rugged masses, to impart a romantic grandeur to the scene, reminding us of the wild penciling of Salvator Rosa.

A romantic and delicious spring of the purest crystal water gushes forth in the lower part of Pulpit-Rock Grounds, falling into a small reservoir containing gold and silver fish.

Between the ivy-clumps situated on a level with the House, we have a glimpse of the Entrance Gates of Pulpit Rock, the piers of which are surmounted by two finely moulded Newfoundland Dogs, after Landseer's celebrated picture, entitled, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society."*

* We have great pleasure in noticing, that access to these grounds was immediately granted, on delivering our card to the gardener.

Looking towards the sea, beyond the luxuriantly-wooded grounds of Uppermount, the villa of Samuel Dick, Esq., (whose fine Scotch firs and diversified foliage overhang the Pond,) we observe the handsome Italian Tower of Mountfield, occupied by S. M. Saxby, Esq., whose Battery, with a flag-staff, is situated near the sea. Here, on festive occasions, we have frequently seen colours, of all hues and all nations, gaily streaming in the air; and hence, at times, valuable information of arrivals, &c. has been transmitted to the Admiralty and Lloyd's.

The whole of "Beautiful Bonchurch" is commanded from this elevated point of view. Beyond Rosemount, a delightful terrace of houses extends to the eastward, situated below the craggy, ivy-crowned cliff, amongst which may be noticed Thorncliff, the residence of the Rev. J. Fielden, and that of Henry Sewell, Esq.; then, two picturesque dwellings, called "Gothic Houses;" and on the south side of the Terrace, nearly opposite the Hotel, is the charming Cot-

tage of Lady Hampson, called Cliff Den. In a cleft of the cliff, is a flight of rude steps, hewn in the rock, leading to the Down above—an ascent rather too ruggedly formed to be commodious. At the farther end of the range of houses, is Ribbands's Hotel, one of the very best conducted in the Island, and most beautifully situated. Below these appears the new Church, (of which a separate description is contained in this volume,) its simple turret of a single bell appearing amongst the trees to the greatest advantage. Beyond the Church, to the south-east, are the grounds of East Dene, the property of Captain Swinburne, R.N. A little further to the right, Undermount Rock,* surmounted by a flag-staff, is discerned amongst the clustered foliage in the grounds of H. Gould, Esq., who at present is converting that part of "Bonchurch Ridge" into pleasure-walks,

* Undermount Rock.—It is strange that a recent author should have been deceived as to this remarkable isolated rock, who supposes that its strata indicate an *inverted position*. It is, however, not difficult to show that such is decidedly a mistake. From its section of what is called the Freestone Bed, every quarryman will, at a glance, pronounce it to be in *strict conformity* to the position of the strata in the cliffs above.





Drawn by W. L. Walton, from a sketch by E. J. Dollman.

Engraved by Saml. Frausshaw

ORCHARD LEIGH, BONCHURCH

where, it is to be hoped, free access will be allowed to the passing tourist, who may be anxious to enjoy a cursory glance of this portion of the enchanting neighbourhood. Further on, towards the west, is Orchard Leigh, and still further, are seen Woodlynch, the property of the Rev. James White; Under-Rock Villa, belonging to E. Peel, Esq.; and Westfield, the seat of George Curtis, Esq.; while, above the whole of this beautiful landscape, with its varied line of sea-coast, spreads the mighty and expanded ocean, sweeping around the lovely Panorama, nearly as far as Portsmouth, on the Hampshire Coast.

ORCHARD LEIGH.

THIS handsome residence, the property of Dr. Leeson, is situated nearer to the sea, in a most delightful spot, close upon the ridge that forms the south side of the vale, and stands amidst green knolls and undulating mounds, whose rocky fragments are jutting from them, and in some parts overhang the winding paths. Here the fir, the maple, and

the ash thrive in great luxuriance, while between their boughs appears the dark blue sea, giving a beautiful contrast to the light-green banks, partially adorned with flowers of every hue, and here—

The warblings of the nightingale
 In sweetest notes resound,
 “And glow-worms light, at summer’s eve,
 A thousand lamps around!”*

THE COLLECTION OF FOSSILS AT MOUNTFIELD,
 BONCHURCH.

WE are much indebted to the kindness of Mr. Saxby and his son, for a sight of their valuable collection of fossils, decidedly the best we have ever seen. Perhaps this choice collection is not surpassed by any in Europe, for the variety of species from the upper and lower Greensand. While in the British Museum we look in vain for Isle of Wight fossils, and in other public collections we see plaster casts of imperfect *lower* Greensand specimens; at Mountfield the geologist will find such fossils as the *Perna Mulleti*, *Scaphites Gigas*, *Scaphites Hillsii*, &c. in fine preservation and perfection. There is also a fine series of yet unnamed *Pteroceras*, *Rostellarias*, enormous *Crioc-*

* This is literally true. On a summer’s night the banks of Orchard Leigh are often resplendent with the lustre of the glow-worm’s light, whilst the sweetly thrilling notes of the nightingale are heard amongst the trees; and here the Bee-orchis with various other scarce and interesting native plants are found growing on the verdant slopes of the mound facing the sea.

rases, &c. A magnificent Clathraria, fossil Lobster, and a splendid series from the "Cracker Group;" also a great variety of very beautiful fossil leaves from Alum Bay, very fine Astacoids, and the unique Nautilus Saxbii (*Morris*) from the lower lobster-bed of the Greensand. Among other rare specimens, we also here find some highly interesting remains of fossil insects, fish, &c., from the Lias and Wealden, presented by their talented and persevering discoverer, whose Archæoniscus *Brodiei* (named after him) cannot fail to excite admiration in the lover of natural history. Of this fossil here are specimens in admirable preservation; and, indeed, the one, showing the eye not larger than a small pin's head, exhibiting, under the microscope, the minute lenses, as distinctly as in a recent insect, may well excite astonishment.

Here is also the only specimen in England of the "Rossia Owenii," a kind of Sepiola, which was taken on the shore at Bonchurch, in the winter of 1848.

We may be excused in saying that Mountfield itself, in its complete scholastic arrangements, as a specimen of a gentleman's private boarding-school of the highest class, is an object of interest.

From the path of the Battery at Mountfield a remarkably fine view of the Bonchurch Crags is obtained, taking in the whole extent of its cliff, with the Downs above.

While excavating and preparing the grounds of Mountfield for the building of the House, some cinerary urns were found, containing bones and ashes, indicating this spot to have been a Roman Station.

The Venerable Archdeacon Hill possesses a scarce Saxon coin, found between Bonchurch and Shanklin.

BONCHURCH DOWN.

THE ASCENT NEAR RIBBANDS'S HOTEL.

Hint to Visitors.

THE genial softness of the air of this spot during the winter months may tempt strangers to visit the High Downs, in order to obtain an extended view over the Island. To invalids, when the wind is *northerly*, this is attended with some *hazard*. The glow attained by exercise in the ascent, will often, on *reaching the summit*, be suddenly checked by a keen northerly blast, and severe colds are thus often caught by the inexperienced. The ascent of the Downs from Bonchurch is not at any time difficult, and when a rest upon the grassy slope is suggested by fatigue, the lovely picture presented by Bonchurch below, its luxuriant foliage, its picturesque surface, and its magnificent sea view, of more than a semicircle in extent, together with the exhilarating sea breeze, which almost constantly steals along the southern face of the Downs, never fail to refresh the mind and invigorate the body. For a more detailed account of this range of Down, the reader is referred to our description of that of St. Boniface, which follows the account of Ventnor. Persons desirous of riding on the Downs, may do so by an ascent at Ventnor, as also by a road leading from the hill just above Shanklin.

THE NEW CHURCH AT BONCHURCH.

While descending to the valley, by the steep declivity called Bonchurch Shute, we observe on the right, the New Church recently erected. The Old Church in this vicinity, so famous and interesting from its antiquity, being too small to accommodate the numerous families who now make Bonchurch their place of resort in the summer season, a very liberal subscription has been raised from the inhabitants and others, for the purpose of building a sacred edifice adapted to the increasing number of visitors at this delightful spot.

It was built in 1848, from the designs of Mr. B. Ferrey, architect, whose talent is at present engaged on the handsome church of St. Stephen, Westminster, founded and endowed by Miss Burdett Coutts.

It is remarkable for its neat and simple character, and is covered with a roof of dark red tiling. It is designed in the Norman style of the eleventh century, and consists of a Nave, a Chancel, and one Transept. The main walls are built of the rough stone of the locality, in range work, the windows, doors, and other dressings being of wrought freestone. A simple gable turret, somewhat similar to that of St. Lawrence Undercliff, has been built for the reception of a *single bell*.

The interior of the Church possesses an air of charming simplicity, the fittings are remarkably neat, and the whole reflects the greatest credit on the talented Architect, who has displayed considerable skill in its effect and its adapta-

tion to the situation it holds, so well chosen for a church amidst luxuriant trees; and where the mighty wall of the Uppercliff is seen above, crowned by the range of lofty swelling Downs.

The first stone was laid on the 24th of June, 1847, by the late lamented and highly esteemed Rev. William Adams, who died in the large white house, called Winterbourne, contiguous to the Old Church. It was consecrated on Monday, Dec. 11th, 1848, on which occasion was received a handsome collection of £72.

On arriving at the bottom of the "Shute," (a term applied in the Island to all steep and sudden descents of the road,) and passing through a wicket on our left, the tourist who may delight in ancient research, will be pleased by a visit to the *Old Church*.

It is gratifying to every lover of antiquity to find that no attempt has hitherto been made to mutilate or enlarge this ancient structure. Let us hope the same good taste may continue to prevail, and to preserve in its original state this venerable memorial of "times gone by."

THE OLD CHURCH AT BONCHURCH.

The venerable church at this place is highly interesting, not only as a picturesque object, but also as a monument of ancient times. It is situated not far from the Undermount Rock, at the deflection of the footpath that leads to the Landslip at Eastend; and is surrounded by fine old trees, whose shadowy tints harmonize well with the sombre hue of its antiquated walls. Though this ecclesiastical

edifice is small, it comprises a nave, or body, and a chancel, the former being surmounted by a square turret at the west end, and having a south porch. To the roof of the turret is fixed a stone cross; another stands on the top of the porch, and a third at the apex of the gabled wall between the nave and chancel. Every part of this building displays marks of considerable antiquity; but the chancel and porch are of a later date than the body of the church; for in the former are two windows with ogee-arched heads, and the doorway has a pointed arch, while the tops of all the windows of the nave are semi-circular. A glance through a small window beneath the turret, at the west end, affords an interesting view of the interior, with the little plain altar, on which stands the sacred symbol of the Christian faith, carved in black oak. It was brought from one of the demolished churches in Normandy, and was placed at Bonchurch about the year 1820.

While these sheets are in the press, a subject of great interest to antiquarians is engaging the attention of the Island. Mr. Saxby having obtained permission from the Venerable Archdeacon Hill (whose love of the antique will secure to the public the preservation of so interesting a relic,) to search for certain "fresco" inscriptions, which from casual conversation with a working mason, Mr. Saxby suspected to exist under the plaster upon the walls of this ancient Church; the search has been most successful, and several mural paintings in body colour, which must have been hidden for many centuries by whitewash, are now brought to light.

In this sequestered spot, near to the old elms that spread

their branches in front of the churchyard, are deposited the mortal remains of the late Rev. W. Adams, (son of Mr. Serjeant Adams,) author of "The Shadow of the Cross," and other religious tracts, which have most deservedly attracted general notice. On the tomb is placed horizontally a stone cross, extending the whole length of the grave, and around it, in the old English letter, is the following inscription:—

William Adams, M.A., late Vicar of St. Peter in the East, and Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, deceased January 17th, 1848.

"Patient in tribulation, continuing instant in Prayer."

The cross is elevated about six inches above the tomb, so as to cast its shadow upon it, whilst a small willow is spreading its pendent branches around it.

The Rev. William Adams died at Bonchurch, in his thirty-third year. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where, as well as his elder brother, he obtained the highest honours of the University, having taken a double first-class degree. His tracts evince the pure and earnest piety of his mind, blended with sentiments of the most Christian feeling towards his fellow-men. He was cut off in the midst of a career of usefulness, by pulmonary consumption, arising from a neglected cold.

The following lines were suggested on a visit to his tomb:—

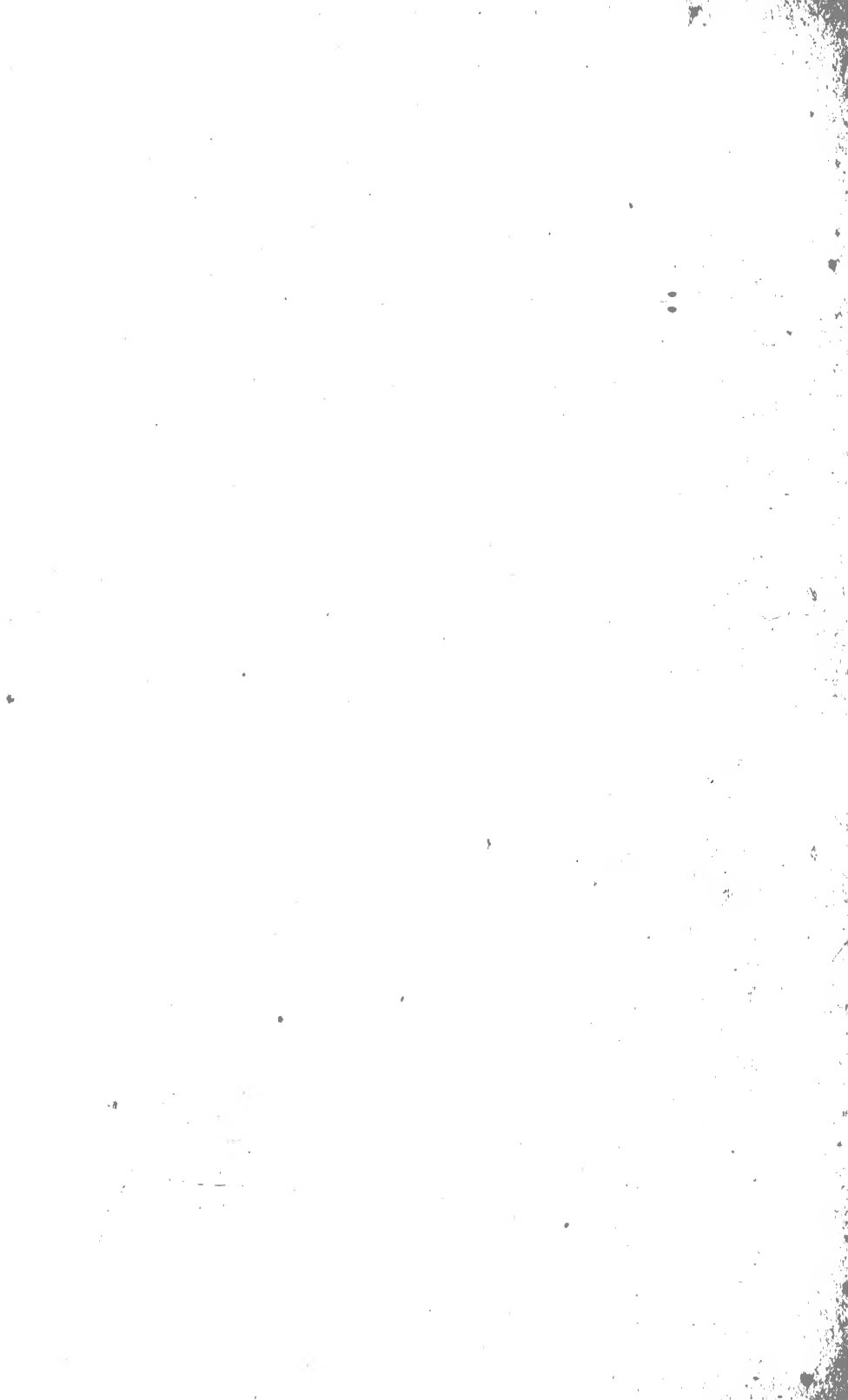


Drawn by W.L. Marshall, from a Sketch by W.B. Cooke.
Engraved by J.C. Marshall.

TOMB OF THE REV. W. ADAMS, AT BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Author of "The Shadow of the Cross." The Old Mans Home, &c. Died 1848, Aged 33 Years

Illustrated in "The Old Mans Home, &c." London, Strand, Sandhurst, July 2, 1849



Weep, pendent willow, ever weep,
Upon this consecrated ground—
The grave of him who waits in sleep
Till the archangel's trumpet sound.—
A Pilgrim of the "CROSS," sincere,
Who traced its peaceful "SHADOW" here.

Near to the Old Church, and facing the meadow that leads to the Landslip, delightfully situated amidst sheltering trees, and opposite the sea, is the gothic mansion called East Dene, the property of Captain Swinburne, R.N. It was built for Mr. Surnam from a design by Mr. Beazly, architect, and was afterwards the seat of Mr. Cartwright. It is embellished with handsome antique furniture, chiefly in the character of the Elizabethan age, procured at a vast expense; each article possessing considerable historic interest, as for instance, the bedsteads of Sir Walter Raleigh, and that of King John, and an organ of very ancient date, said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth. The fittings are also in a corresponding taste, and of the most unique character.

On returning from the Old Church to the Valley, we pass on our right the Lodge Entrance to Uppermount, the seat of Mr. Dick, and on our left, is the remarkable crag, called Undermount Rock, already described in these pages.

Proceeding along the road towards Ventnor, we soon arrive at

THE POND.

A beautiful pool of water situated at the foot of the hill, that, like a brilliant mirror, reflects from its surface

every surrounding object. It belongs to the villa of Uppermount, and was originally an osier-bed. This great ornament to the village exhibits another of the improvements made by Mr. Hadfield. The road on its side, over-arched by stately elms, has a very striking and picturesque effect; while, on the opposite side of the water, rises the hill, richly clothed with verdure. Here the light-blue pine, the darkly tinted fir, the feathery larch, and the broad-leaved sycamore, are contrasted in the most beautiful variety, and backed by a quickly-rising, hanging wood; while the whole scene is reflected by the pellucid lake, displaying an inverted landscape, whilst a pair of snow-white swans and other aquatic birds are seen gently skimming its glassy surface. The pond during the last fifty years has not been frozen over more than six times of sufficient strength to bear the weight of a man—another proof of the superior mildness of this favoured spot. As we proceed towards Ventnor, along the embowered road on the margin of the Pond, a beautiful *peep* of the new WATERFALL presents itself between the trees, which seem to form a distant verdant arch, beneath which the cascade is seen to play its waters over the rocky ledges of the slope. The Pond belongs to Uppermount, and is 180 yards in length, the whole of the water flowing from it, passes through some subterraneous channel beneath the high ridge on the southern side of the village, makes its appearance again by the Old Church, whence a gurgling rivulet conducts it to the sea-cliff, over which it tumbles, forming a highly pleasing waterfall.

A road opposite the Pond leads, by an easy descent, to

the sea, passing Orchard Leigh, belonging to Dr. Leeson ; Westfield, the large marine residence of G. Curtis, Esq. ; and Mountfield, the residence of S. M. Saxby, Esq. ; to Horseshoe Bay, where a delightful stroll may be enjoyed upon the shore, at any time of the tide, beneath the picturesque and rugged sea-cliffs ; a delightful promenade being in course of construction, which leads from Horseshoe Bay to the Waterfall on the Beach. Persons who only remember this shore as being nearly impassable from rocks, and inaccessible at high water, will be agreeably surprised at the great improvement which has lately been accomplished by the enterprise of the village builder, Mr. Joliffe.

In addition to the former sandy bathing place, another clearance since the winter has been made by him, especially for the accommodation of Ladies, who may bathe here with the utmost possible privacy.

A footpath also leads above the cliffs on the east, towards the Landslip, and on the west as far as Ventnor.

Having surveyed the picturesque shore of Bonchurch, we return to the village, and pursue our course along it, and then taking the road on the right, leading towards Ventnor, we soon observe the delightful retreat called

ST. BONIFACE HOUSE.

Distinguished by a handsome lawn in front, and embosomed in trees, this Cottage Residence attracts the notice of every one who passes it. The House is completely sheltered from the northerly winds, by the Down

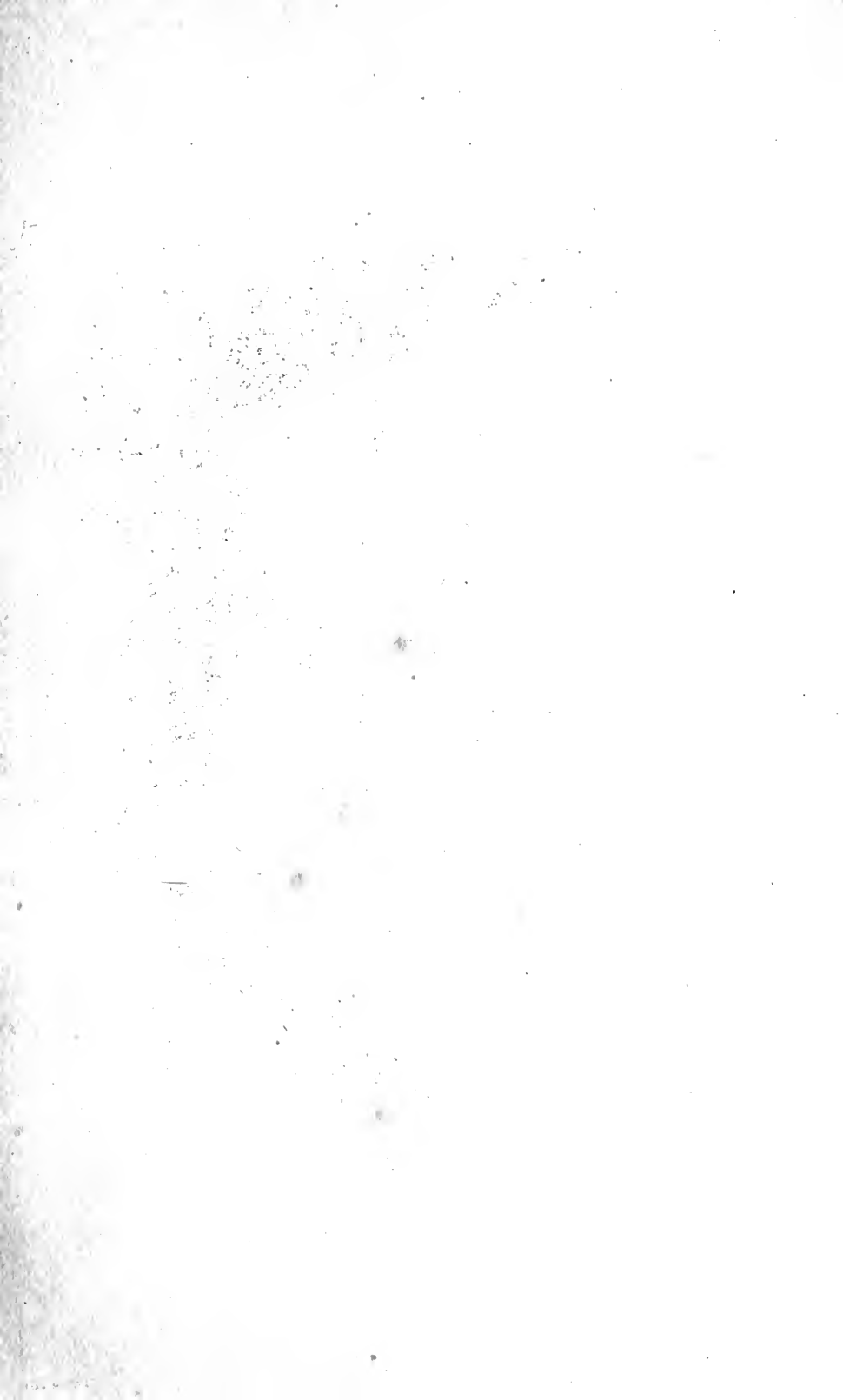
of St. Boniface, which rises immediately behind it. It was embellished by the late Colonel Hill, who displayed great taste and incurred considerable expense in the laying out of the grounds. This pleasant dwelling was formerly one of the chief attractions in the vicinity of Bonchurch, since which time, new roads have been formed in front, which have considerably tended to lessen the rural character it then possessed. It has been built upwards of half a century, and still maintains that charm of exquisite simplicity so well suited to the character of a Cottage Ornée. It is the property of Major Popham Hill. Contiguous to it, (where a private road winds beside the lawn,) commence the handsome and extensive grounds appertaining to Pulpit Rock.

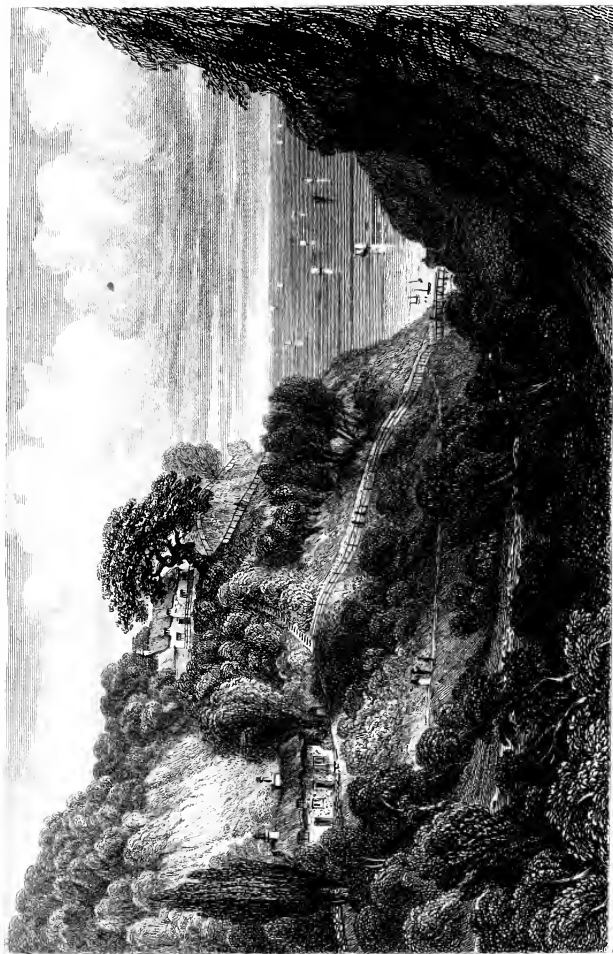
We shall now conduct our readers to SHANKLIN, which, although of a totally different character to that of Bonchurch, possesses charms entirely its own—vast undulating fields of cultivated land—umbrageous foliage studded with white villas, and a magnificent prospect of the blue waters sweeping around the curving Bay of Sandown, whilst in the distance are seen the bright Culver Cliffs shining like pearl upon the sapphire's hue.

It is to be hoped the following Poem will not be regarded as giving a too florid description of its lovely and interesting Chine.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT SHANKLIN.

The following Stanzas, comprising "A Summer's Day at Shanklin," are respectfully submitted to the reader, as presenting a more pictorial illustration than can be well expressed in prose. Fidelity of description has been strictly adhered to, interspersed with a few artistic hints. The incidents introduced have been witnessed by the writer during his frequent visits to the Island.





Drawn by W. L. Wilson.

Engraved by J. C. Verrall.

SHANTUNG CHINE, LOOKING OUT.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT SHANKLIN.

AWAY, away, how blithe the day,
How splendidly things shine !
Away, away, with hearts so gay,
We'll off to Shanklin Chine !

From lovely Ryde along we go,
'Twixt hedge-rows, elms, and pines,
Till Brading's Haven, seen below,
Bright as a mirror shines !

And now a streak of heav'nly blue,
Far spread beyond the lea,
Brilliant as sapphire in its hue,
Denotes the boundless sea !

And Sandown's beauteous curving Bay
Its crescent form expands,
Where Culver's tow'ring cliffs display
Their heights beyond the sands.

In native grandeur rising high,
Array'd in purest white,
'Midst azure tints of sea and sky,
Magnificently bright!

And O! how joyously and gay
From yonder field of corn,
Springs forth the lark with thrilling lay
To greet the summer's MORN!

But now a gloom involves the skies
In hue of threat'ning red—
Dark clouds of fearful form arise,
And o'er the ocean spread—

While ships at sea—the homeward bound,
All haste to “take in sail,”
A distant moan—a wailing sound
Forebodes the coming gale!

The Culver Cliffs, that shone so gay,
Are all enwrapp'd in gloom—
As when fond hopes are torn away,
The cypress shades the tomb !

The whirlwind now, with direful sweep,
O'er ocean holds its course,
Where foams the surge—the mighty deep
In anger feels its force.

The surf drives on the sea-beat shore,
And whitens all the strand,
Whilst murky shadow widens o'er
The hills and distant land.

Terrific is the tempest's sway,
And fierce the wind's wild howl ;
The stormy clouds that shroud the Bay
In deepest darkness scowl,

When bursting forth, a vivid flash
Strikes terror to the soul—
And with a dread and mighty crash,
Loud pealing thunders roll !

And now the wind's infuriate power
Beats down the pelting rain,
A dense and overwhelming shower
Falls, deluging the plain!—

Subdued at length, the storm gives way,
In thunder-clouds it flies;
Triumphant is the orb of day,
And splendour fills the skies!

And, see! transcendent in its glow,
To gladden and to cheer,
Heaven's glorious sign to earth below—
What beauteous tints appear!

The fields are all in em'rald green,
The warbling notes in tune,
Refulgent sunbeams crown the scene—
The scene of summer's Noon.

Again a clear cerulean hue
Is o'er the ocean spread,
Whilst Dunnose, rising into view,
Lifts up his giant head!

Sweet Shanklin now, delightful spot,
Where branching elms embower
The villa and the rural cot,
And jasmine spreads its flower.

Thy sacred Pile, of olden style,
Might well our steps delay;
But now the magnet of the Isle
Attracts us hence, away

To that famed dell, where ev'ry grot
Presents unfading grace—
Where beauty's choice Forget-me-not
Adorns her fav'rite place.

Approaching close upon the Chine,
All hail, thou Old Oak Tree!
In friendship, true to life's decline,
The ivy claspeth thee!

Ere we descend the Chine's steep side,
Observe upon the shore,
The giant cliffs that stem the tide,
With level lines traced o'er.

In dusky hue, ranged tier on tier,
Huge sand-stone masses lie,
Whilst proudly hence their forms appear,
Vast, picturesque, and high!

Now pass we by the rude thatch'd Cot,
Where strangers seek the KEY,
'Midst fishing-gear and lobster-pot,
Spread round the Old Oak Tree.

There little Kitty joins in prate,
The hen clucks on the floor,
While youngsters, clatt'ring, throng the gate,
The magpie chats the more.

Down the steep Chasm, yon rustic bridge,
Above the current's flow,
Conducts us to the pathway ridge
That threads the Chine below.

The tide receding from the shore—
A shore of shining sand,
Shows boat and grapnel, mast and oar,
Reflected on the strand,

While distant sails in glowing light
Are glitt'ring on the view,
Like orient pearls of purest white,
Set on "the waters blue."

How striking is this bold ravine
To startle and to please—
Here, frowning rocks of sullen mien,
There, steeps o'erspread with trees,

And whilst the cliffs we wend along—
Cliffs sterile and severe,
See! where below, the slopes among,
Exub'rant wild flowers peer,

All blooming in their simple dye,
Diffusing sweets so free—
Their fragrance to the butterfly,
Their honey to the bee.

Now EV'NING spreads its richest light
In all its golden glow,
On rock and tree, and tufted height,
While blue mists rise below,

And yonder lovely Cottage scene,
Where clust'ring roses twine
Around the casements seen between
The myrtle and the vine.*

A rustic Villa crowns the dell,
With ivy-mantled Tower—
There contemplation loves to dwell,
And muse on life's brief hour.

The steepy cliffs we wind around,
The Cascade to survey,
Whilst echoing rocks respond its sound,
Like thunder far away.

'Midst pendent trees the waters gush,
Augmented by the shower;
Over the moss-grown rocks they rush
With concentrated power,

And then meand'ring as they go
To mingle with the sea,
Like human life in varied flow,
To meet Eternity.

* Honey-moon Cottage.

When by the moon's soft silv'ry beam
Is seen the bright Cascade,
It glitters like a fairy stream
O'er rocks involved in shade,

Whilst trees that overhang the dell,
Strange mystic shadows throw,
Enchantment seems to cast a spell
On all we see below,

To charm, to yield delight, and breathe
Of purity and love,
The very rocks that lie beneath—
The hanging shrubs above,

To give an earnest of that state
Most pleasing to the soul,
Where pride's vain pomp confers no weight,
Nor riches hold control—

Where sublunary cares and woes,
And pining sorrows cease,
And Heaven, all merciful! bestows
It's never-ending peace.

Returning from th' embower'd retreat

Beside the moon-lit vale,

What sounds melodious—warbling sweet,

Hark! 'tis the nightingale!

And lo! the silent heavens—the glow

Of countless stars, that shine

Through boundless space, in endless flow

Of Harmony Divine!

Now balmy NIGHT invites to rest,

To home we bend our way,

Till lovely morn on ocean's breast

Dart forth its golden ray,

Then, while the lustre of the sky

Lights up the hills and plains,

We'll stray to where yon fragments lie,

And desolation reigns!

For there 'tis said, strange forms abound,

And ivy-wreaths bedeck

The giant brows that scowl around

The Landslip's mighty wreck!*

W. B. C.

* See Poem on the Landslip—page 68.

SHANKLIN.

A rural beauty, modestly attir'd.

THERE are many views of great beauty in the Isle of Wight, and among them are the sylvan and rural scenes of Shanklin and its vicinity. The village itself is delightfully situated, the little, antique Church, emblematic of quiet and repose, the pleasant cottages embowered in shady groves, with the noble prospect of the sea, whose blue waters bathe the foot of the mighty promontory of Dunnose, form a strikingly romantic picture; but these are only accessories to the grand feature of the landscape, the curious Chine, one among several such objects occurring on the coast of this island, but decidedly the most beautiful and magnificent, while that of Blackgang is the most distinguished for gloomy grandeur and sublimity.

Shanklin is situated on the south-eastern coast of the island, within three miles of the

commencement of the Undercliff, exhibiting, in a striking point of view, the most prominent peculiarities of its wonderful scenery. Its vicinity to several highly attractive objects, natural and artificial, renders this village a most convenient spot, whence visitors may make excursions in search of gratification from the survey of the beauties and sublimities of nature and art, situated in its immediate neighbourhood.

“As we approach the village of Shanklin,” says Sir Henry Englefield, “its appearance is equally singular and interesting. It is seated in a small vale, hanging towards the sea, though at a great distance above that level: the houses are detached from each other, and almost buried in groves of the most luxuriant and flourishing elms; and nearly every cottage, being commonly let out by its occupant in lodgings, during the summer season, is surrounded by a neat garden, full of flowering shrubs; the whole spot presenting a most cheerful and uncommon character. The little Church, which is of a pretty form, stands

on a broken knoll, open to a beautiful pasture, with groups of elms carelessly disposed about it, and it is backed by the high hill of Dunnose, whose lower parts are covered with thickets or open groves hanging down its steep sides. From among these, in one part, a range of rocks starts out from the face of the same great stratum to which the Undercliff owes its existence and beauty. Although these rocks are too much broken by perpendicular fissures, so as to interrupt their general massiveness, yet still they have a great degree of beauty, and form a bold and fine feature in the landscape."

The village of Shanklin has of late been much oftener visited by tourists and travellers than heretofore, and has become a more frequent place of resort for invalids than formerly: hence several new buildings have been erected for the accommodation of strangers.

Within a few years past, a range of lodgings, with gardens attached, has been erected on the beach, pleasantly situated under the cliffs, and protected from the overflowing tides

by a substantial sea-wall. Here are bathing-houses and every facility afforded for the healthful exercise of sea-bathing. The sands are extensive, and the view from them commands the whole semicircular sweep of Sandown Bay, terminating on the east with the white Culver Cliffs rising magnificently above the level sands, while westward of the Chine arises a range of perpendicular sand-cliff, exhibiting its huge strata in horizontal lines, and imposing a character of gloomy and awful sublimity on this portion of the shore. A walk along the beach, at low water, beneath these towering cliffs, as far as Luccombe, is worthy the attention of every visitor. Inquiry, however, as to the state of the tide, ought previously to be made, so as to ensure a safe passage beyond the distant, rocky point seen from the sands at Shanklin, projecting towards the sea.

There is one feature contributing to enhance the ornamental character of the domestic buildings, which, though by no means peculiar to Shanklin, well deserves to be noticed here.



Engraved by J. C. Verrell.

Drawn by W. B. Cooke.

SHANKLIN SANDS, AND HOUSES ON THE BEACH,

With the Mouth of the Chine.

Published July 2, 1848, by W. B. Cooke, 9, Garden-Square, Cambridge.

This is the profusion of flowers, flowering shrubs, and odoriferous plants with which almost every inhabited spot in the island is embellished. The most humble of the cottages in the Isle of Wight are adorned with roses, jasmines, and honeysuckles; and often large myrtles, which, on its southern coast, bear the winter out of doors. They have vines everywhere about the houses, and often fig-trees, whose luxuriant foliage overhangs the entrance of the cot, or forms an agreeable shade to the garden alcove.

The manor or lordship of Shanklin is mentioned in the Domesday Book, under the appellation of Sencliz, whence the modern name must have originated. From the same record, we learn that soon after, if not before, the Norman conquest, there was a church at this place. But, according to Sir Richard Worsley, it was only a chapel-of-ease dependent on the rectorial establishment of Bonchurch. The parish, however, appears to have anciently been a part of Brading; and there, it seems, the inhabitants

still bury their dead ; and an annual pension of ten shillings is payable from this chapelry to the Rector of Brading, as an acknowledgment of ecclesiastical superiority. The chapel is said to have been built, or rather rebuilt, by one of the family of De l'Isle, who were lords of the Isle of Wight in the thirteenth century ; and by this benefactor it was endowed with fifty acres of land, together with the tithes of many of the tenants of the manor. As to parochial assessments for civil affairs, Shanklin is considered as a separate parish. The old manor-house, reduced to the rank of a farm-house, is situated near the church.

In the carriage-road leading from Shanklin to Bonchurch, the road winds across the steep ascent impending over the promontory of Dunnose, but still seems only to skirt the foot of the mountainous heights of Wroxall and Shanklin Downs. On gaining the ascent above Luccombe, a surprising scene, of vast extent and beauty, is displayed. Hence appears the deep expanse of shore, from Dunnose to the extremity of the white Culver Cliffs, with a

boundless prospect of the sea in front. The whole sweep of the beautiful curve of Sandown Bay is seen, its golden sands laved by "the waters blue;" and in the distance beyond it, the shores of Sussex are sometimes visible, nearly as far as Beachy Head. The distant heights of Hampshire and Portsdown Hill appear over the bay, to the north, between Bembridge and Brading Down, whilst the ridge of Downs stretches across the island, as far as the eye can reach.

The top of Shanklin Down, according to the Ordnance survey, is seven hundred and ninety-two feet above the level of the sea. From the loftiest part of this eminence, a most extensive and truly magnificent prospect may be obtained, on a clear day, including, at least, one half of the island, and even stretching beyond it across the English Channel, and taking in the Solent, and a wide expanse of the southern coast of Britain.

But the grand attraction of Shanklin is the Chine, visited annually by multitudes, by whom

it is deservedly regarded as a singularly beautiful and curious specimen of the peculiar coast scenery of this island. It is alike interesting to the geologist and to the admirer of the picturesque; for here the former may study, with advantage, the structure and arrangement of the rocks and rocky strata which constitute the basis of this sea-girt country, whilst the latter may trace the remarkable features of scenery, unrivalled for variety and beauty.

The Chines, as they are provincially termed, are breaks or openings towards the sea, in the rocky barrier by which a considerable portion of the southern shores of this island are defended. "The term, *Chine*," says Sir Richard Worsley, "is applied to the backbone of an animal, both in the manège and in culinary language, which forms the highest ridge of the body. *Echine*, in the French, is used in the same sense; and Boyer has the word *chinfreneau*, for a great cut or slash. Hence the word 'chine' might be thought peculiarly expressive of a high ridge of land, cleft abruptly down; and

the several parts of the southern coast denominated 'chines,' all correspond with this description." All the chines have the accompaniment of small streams running through them, from the summits of the cliffs down to the shore. Hence it may be inferred, that they are caused, at least in part, by the operation of land-springs, which, in the course of ages, have loosened and partially washed away the sub-stratum of the more solid rock-work, and occasioned it to subside at certain points, and thus form irregular fissures, or gaps, now traversed by the streams which have apparently contributed to their production.

At a considerable height from the shore, stands the village of Shanklin, and above it, several springs from the lofty range of Wroxall and Shanklin Downs, unite to form a rapid current, which, taking its devious course through the softer parts of the soil, amidst towering trees and underwood, has given to this chine the winding form, to which much of the interest and beauty of the scene must be attributed.

The rivulet becomes gradually deepened till it reaches the village, after which it assumes a more formidable aspect, rapidly increasing till it reaches the HEAD OF THE CHINE, where it falls over a rocky ledge which forms the Cascade, a perpendicular descent of thirty feet, after which, having traversed the chasm in a serpentine direction, between the steep slopes of underwood, for about a quarter of a mile, it takes its course across the sandy beach to the sea. The cliff at this point is about two hundred and fifty feet in height, and the chasm is not less than three hundred feet in width from one summit to the other. The dimensions of the Mouth of this Chine have, however, been variously stated by different observers, but the preceding statements appear to be most correct.

The view from the beach below the Chine presents to the beholder a winding ravine, extending inland, the rocky sides of which, in some places, exhibit the bare cliffs towering in all their native grandeur ; in others, the surface is richly clothed with branching trees and un-

derwood, ferns and lichens, and herbs and wild flowers of several kinds. In the foreground of the picture is a newly-built Bathing-house, occupying the site of a fisherman's cottage which lately stood there, and which so frequently afforded a very pleasing and picturesque object for the sketch-book. Higher up, charmingly situated on a ledge in the ravine, is Chine Cottage, a lodging-house, adorned with various flowering shrubs, which render it so attractive to visitors. This pleasing retreat is distinguished at Shanklin by the cognomen of Honeymoon Cottage.

Above it, is seen the well-known venerable "Old Oak Tree," whose wide-spreading branches are clad by the most luxuriant ivy, and are overshadowing the thatched roof of the public-house called Chine Inn, and its excavated skittle-ground. Here strangers apply for the key of the wicket leading to the interior of the Chine and the Cascade.

Looking up the chasm from the sea-beach, the picturesque villa of J. C. Cameron, Esq.,

called Tower Cottage, appears on the height, partially covered with ivy, presenting a highly ornamental and prominent object in the background of the view.

After extending, for some distance, in a direct line from the beach, the Chine takes an abrupt turn to the left, and becomes much narrower; its sides are then almost perpendicular, and but little foliage, or vegetation of any kind, occurs to clothe the surface of its sandy rocks. The chasm continues winding in the ascent, and diminishing in breadth, till at length it terminates in a very narrow fissure, from which the stream already mentioned abruptly descends as a cascade. The quantity of water in this rivulet is generally inconsiderable in dry weather, although a constant flow takes place, but after heavy showers of rain, or sudden thaws succeeding thick falls of snow, the usually quiet mountain-stream becomes an impetuous torrent.

The following are the interesting remarks of the late Rev. Legh Richmond:—"On tracing

upwards the course of Shanklin Chine, the scene exhibits a mixture of the grand and beautiful not often exceeded. I walked up by a steep pathway that winded through the trees and shrubs on the side of one of the precipices. At every step, the extent of the prospect enlarged and acquired a new and varied character, by being seen through the trees on each side. Climbing up a kind of rude, inartificial set of stone stairs in the bank, I passed by the singularly situated cottages which I had viewed from beneath, and arrived at the top of the precipice. From this point the abyss, occasioned by the great fissure in the cliff, appeared grand and interesting. Trees hung over it on each side, projecting not only their branches, but many of their roots, in wild and fantastic forms. Masses of earth had recently fallen from the upper to the lower part of the precipice, carrying trees and plants down the steep descent. The character of the soil, and the increasing influence of the stream at bottom, seemed to threaten further slips of land from

the summit. From hence the gentle murmur of the cascade at the head of the Chine stole upon the ear without much interruption to the quietness of the scene. Every object combined to please the eye, and direct the traveller's heart to admire and love the Author and Creator of all that is beautiful to the sense, and edifying to the soul."*

THE PARSONAGE AT SHANKLIN is situated near Williams's hotel, on the road leading to the church, and presents the style of a beautiful cottage ornée, picturesquely thatched and embellished with a profusion of creeping plants and flowers. In these grounds are flourishing the most luxuriant myrtles, breathing their delicious fragrance in the open air, and the whole is surrounded by magnificent trees.

A respectable Circulating Library, combined with the Bookselling business, established by Mr. Johnson, contributes much to the pleasure and amusement of visitors. It presents a very picturesque appearance, in the cottage style,

* Story of the Young Cottager.

and is situated in the centre of the village, near the Chine, opposite to Williams's hotel. Here is constantly on view a choice collection of Isle of Wight pebbles and British and foreign shells for sale.

There are two handsome hotels at Shanklin, that of Daish's, at the entrance of the village from Ryde, and Williams's, (now conducted by Mr. Hale.) The Crab, a small inn, affords, also, very comfortable accommodation.

In the neighbourhood of Shanklin, there is a most delightfully-sequestered situation, called by the islanders, NORTH AMERICA. At a short distance from Daish's Hotel, as you proceed in the direction of the village of Lake, will be found a thoroughfare, between some newly-erected houses on the left of the road, leading to the meadows, where a path presents itself, inclining to the right; from this path you descend into the valley, and at length arrive, by another track, at a large farming establishment, through the grounds of which you pass on, still bearing a little to the right, till you come to a

cottage, in a very dilapidated condition, on the left. Passing this cottage, you proceed in a straight line through a rugged field, or uncultivated space, till you enter the situation in question. This beautiful and lovely spot is not mentioned in any of the numerous Guide Books, and seems to be almost as little known to the great body of tourists and visitors, as to those *intelligent* persons, who undertake to exhibit the "Lions of the Garden of England."

Amongst the various beauties of the island, this spot, as well as its continuation, extending over the grounds beneath Shanklin Down and Cook's Castle and leading to the Wood above Appuldurcombe House, is as much entitled to honourable mention as any of the localities so enthusiastically described by those who take ample credit to themselves for "*pic-turing*" (as they state) all that is deserving of particular notice in the Isle of Wight.

To Shanklin's charms, its rural cot,
Its Mountain-Down and Dell,
Though mem'ry oft may trace the spot,
One grieves to bid farewell!

A WALK FROM SHANKLIN TO THE LANDSLIP AT EAST END.

Now rosy morn invites to stray,
"Over the hills and far away."

ONE of the most interesting walks in this charming vicinity, is the tour to the Landslip at East End, which is only a mile and a half from Shanklin, and nearly adjoins Bonchurch.

On leaving Shanklin, a little beyond Williams's Hotel, a turning on the left leads over a small bridge, across the running brook which supplies the Waterfall of the Chine. Proceeding beside an extensive pasture field, we gradually ascend from the Vale of Shanklin. Here we are often induced to cast a glance at the village below us, embosomed in trees, and studded with white villas, glistening in the morning's sun. The rugged ridges of the tufted cliffs, forming a singular border along the line of coast that stretches towards Sandown; where the white Culver Cliffs, in bril-

liant light, are seen towering above the distant point of the Bay, whose blue waters form a beauteous and graceful curve within the margin of its golden sands.

The distant downs of Ashej and Brading, with that of Bembridge, which is situated above the Culver Cliffs, appear to be veiled in the morning's mist, while in the opposite direction, and nearer to us, is seen Shanklin Down, rising in dark and stately grandeur, its shadowy height intercepting for the present our view towards the interior of the Island.

“With plodding steps the ploughman goes,
And turns the stubborn soil—
The field o'erspread with furrows shows
The drudgery and toil!”

After passing these rich and fertile fields, on crossing a stile, we are suddenly surprised by an immediate change of scene—a change from the beauties of cultivation to those of a more sublime character, displaying in part, the wild and varied features of the Back of the Island.

In the foreground of the view, numerous

grassy mounds are seen sloping towards the sea-cliffs, whilst in the middle distance appears the deep and rugged ravine of Luccombe Chine, its fishing huts picturesquely situated beneath its dark, dun-coloured cliffs, whilst the interior of the Chine is richly clothed with foliage, that partially obscures its precipitous waterfall. An embattled Tower is seen above the Chine, forming a "look-out," or prospect station to Luccombe Chine Cottage, belonging to J. C. Cooper, Esq., whose ornamental grounds occupy a considerable portion of the slope of the Chine. The Villa above, seen from hence, and backed by the trees of East-End-Wood, is Rose Cliff, the seat of E. M. Frere, Esq.

The Landslip is not visible from this point of view, it being screened by the wood that lies before us, and through which we are about to pass.

Descending the sloping grounds of Luccombe by a beaten track, we pass the gate of Luccombe Chine Cottage, and through an enclosed

field, we enter the wood at East End, which leads immediately to the Landslip. Its devious path, winding through the thicket of small branching trees and brushwood, where—

“ Huge fragments jutting forth, display
Their crowns of evergreen.”

One of these fallen rocks, in the midst of the wood, is aptly converted into a seat for the accommodation of pedestrians, and here silence and solitude seem to fix their reign. Proceeding a little further, the scene suddenly opens, and the stranger is at once struck with the stupendous devastation spread around. A portion of the mighty rocks that have slipped from their bases appears leaning in towering grandeur, against the parent cliffs that still maintain their station, above the chaos below them, resembling an extended line of fortification, from whose yawning clefts protrude large trees, whilst among the detached heaps, huge roots of holly, ivy, and other evergreens are entangled and interspersed, presenting a

fine contrast to the gray and hoary tinge of the vast rocky fragments with which the scene abounds. Wild flowers of various hues have sprung up amidst the verdure, peering in their native beauty amongst the ferns of this romantic tract.

Not a trace of human habitation is here to be descried, scarce a track, but of the cattle that graze the waste, or of stragglers from the sheep-walks that have made their way from the downs above. The hawk, the wild pigeon, and the lapwing, the inmates of the cliff, appear to be the rightful occupiers of the spot, or share it with the crow and chough, who frequent these scattered heaps, and feast upon the carcasses of luckless sheep and cattle that often fall over the rugged precipices of this desolate region and are dashed upon the rocks beneath.

The greater portion of the Landslips must have occurred at least 1500 years ago, and any further alteration in the ground between Bonchurch and Niton is prevented by the immense

masses of chalk and rock which have been hurled over in gigantic confusion towards the sea, now forming a complete barrier against any further working out of what is termed *blue slipper*, a very soft stratum, full of springs, which gradually undermining the upper green sand-stone, (whose strata are about a hundred feet in depth,) has occasioned the mighty disruption of the cliffs, and at various periods has produced a succession of luxuriant and most romantic terraces, forming the present extraordinary region, the Undercliff.

In a quarry belonging to Mr. Page, situated at the western extremity of Ventnor, a skeleton of a female was discovered a short time since, which from an armlet, now in the possession of S. M. Saxby, Esq., of Mountfield, Bonchurch, evidently belonged to the Romano-British period, and seems to have been deposited there in consequence of the lady having been buried by the sudden convulsion of the rocks.

The whole ground of the Undercliff between

Bonchurch and Niton, a distance of about six and a half miles, seems destined to maintain its present position till "the great globe itself" shall pass away, while the eastern and western extremities are still undergoing, on a smaller scale, the undermining process. At its eastern end, the surface of a field, opposite to East Dene, the seat of Captain Swinburne, has been recently considerably diminished from this cause, in 1848. The land between the sea-cliff and the pathway has been entirely swept away, and may be now seen in confused masses lying on the beach.

All the Undercliff seems formerly to have been tenanted by numerous herds of red deer, whose large antlers are continually being dug up in its vicinity.

The immense mass of ruin scattered at East End, is the result of two Landslips—one of them in 1810, of thirty acres; the other in 1818, of fifty acres.

THE LANDSLIP AT EAST END.

FROM Shanklin, over cultured land,
Along the fields we go,
The village lies serenely bland,
Embower'd by trees below.

How softly breathes the mild sea-air,
The warbling notes, how blithe !
And cheerful is the sound from where
"The mower whets his scythe !"

The Culver Cliffs, in dazzling white
Appear the Bay to crown,
The hills are all in hazy light,
And sombre Shanklin Down.

While beauteously the fields of corn
In golden waves display
The freshness of the breeze of morn
That ushers in the day !



Engraved by David Thompson

THE LANDSLIP AT EAST END

The Culver Cliffs and Beacon Light Down in the Distance.

Drawn by W. B. Cooke.

And now the lands of tillage pass'd,
Behold how wild the scene
Unfolds to view in pristine cast,
The Isle's unaltered mien !

Where spreads the landscape far and wide
On undulating ground—
Where Luccombe overlooks the tide,
And murky cliffs abound

With sloping mounds, and rising Downs,
Hill, woodland, vale, and lea—
Where Dunnose in stern grandeur frowns,
And lo! “ the wide, wide sea !”

A beaten track we wend along,
Above the hollow Chine,
While rude thatch'd huts are seen among
Boat, capstan, net, and line,

And scatter'd rocks, all darken'd o'er,
Stain'd by the sea-weed's dye,
Where the poor fisher wades the shore,
His prawning net to ply.

And see! yon steep and tow'ring Downs
A noble curve display,
That sweeps around the dell it crowns
In shadowy array.

And now a wood we traverse—lone—
All solitary—still,
Save where is heard in sweetest tone,
The casual streamlet's rill,

Whilst overarch'd by branch and spray,
Its devious path we wend—
Lo! sudden ruin and dismay
On ev'ry side extend!

Rocks crush'd by rocks—a direful wreck
Spreads all the waste around!
What earthly power could stem or check
Its force—its progress bound?

Dunnose, beneath thy headland brow,
Proud cliffs that once stood high,
Now, as by Earthquake's overthrow,
In scatter'd fragments lie!

The cliffs that still maintain their ground,
Like frowning ramparts show,
Or castellated forts around,
To thwart the daring foe.

The peasants of the island tell,
Of deep and thund'ring roar,
When this stupendous barrier fell
All headlong on the shore ;

Of waves' recoil, and their rebound
Against the cliff's huge brow,
That roll'd its giant bulk, and found
The foaming surge below !

Yet midst this wild chaotic scene,
Of aspect stern and bold,
Hath Nature blent her richest green,
With gems of blue and gold.—

A piercing cry now rends the air,
Above the rocks so gray—
See ! the fierce hawk is soaring there,
To pounce upon his prey !

Whilst round and round he wheels his course,
Still screaming as he flies—
Now downward with resistless force
He darts,—his victim dies !

Each trembling limb with wild delight
He tears with savage joy,
Impatient to renew his flight
Still further to destroy.

And hark! amidst the solitude,
The humming of the bee,
The gull's wild shriek, so harsh and rude,
While plaintive moans the sea!

A gath'ring gloom pervades the sky,
And overcasts the whole—
The birds to clefted ledges fly,
And distant thunders roll !

East End, thy fall'n heights convey
An emblem sad—severe—
How have the mighty SLIPP'D away
Like thy lorn region here !

W. B. C.

APPULDURCOMBE PARK.

On approaching the noble mansion of Appuldurcombe, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, it appears to be surrounded by an amphitheatre of lofty Downs, here and there diversified and enriched by clumps of luxuriant trees, casting their deep shadows on the sloping surface of the hills. The principal entrance to the Park is by way of Godshill, through an elegant gateway of the Ionic order of architecture, in the form of a triumphal arch, built of Portland stone.

The massive grandeur of the building, and the variety and beauty of the adjoining scenery, have often deservedly excited the admiration of visitors qualified properly to appreciate the charms of nature and art. The Rev. William Gilpin, who wrote professedly on Picturesque Beauty, says of this place—"Here everything is uniformly grand; the house is magnificent, and it is magnificently furnished. The grounds, too, are laid out in a style of greatness equal to the mansion." Mr. H. Penruddocke Wyndham, Sir Henry Englefield, and other writers, have expressed similar opinions relative to the stately and delightful features of this favourite spot.

The old house of Appuldurcombe (of which there is a view in Sir Richard Worsley's "History of the Isle of Wight") occupied the site of an alien priory, or cell to the Abbey of Montisburg, in Normandy, founded in the twelfth century, by Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon

and Lord of the Isle of Wight, who gave to the Norman monks this estate, on which were resident a prior and two other brethren of their order. King Edward III., during the war with France, removed the inmates of Appuldurcombe to Salisbury; and Henry V., on declaring war against the French, seized all the alien priories in the kingdom, retaining their revenues in his own hands. But his successor, Henry VI., in the twentieth year of his reign, restored the monastic establishment here, and gave the estate to the nuns of Aldgate, London, who held it till the suppression of monasteries, by Henry VIII.

The manor and estate of Appuldurcombe was long held on lease from the Prioress of Aldgate, by the family of Fry. The last of this family to whom it belonged, dying without issue, left the leasehold property to his widow, a daughter of John Hacket, Esq., of Woolverton; and she re-married Sir John Leigh, of More, in Dorsetshire, by whom she had a daughter, her sole heiress, who became the wife of Sir James Worsley, of Worsley Hall, Lancashire, and the estate thus passed to the Worsleys about 1512. When the dissolution of monasteries took place, about 1537, this estate, doubtless, was purchased of the King by Sir James Worsley; and it subsequently became the principal seat of his family. Richard Worsley, Esq., of Appuldurcombe, was created a Baronet in 1611; and from him the property descended to Sir Robert Worsley, who, in 1710, laid the foundation of the present mansion, on the same spot with that which preceded it. The original design for this structure was published in the "Vitruvius Britannicus," by Colin Campbell. The

building, however, remained for many years unfinished; and the merit of having completed it, with some variations from the original plan, is due to Sir Richard Worsley, who, in 1785—1787, travelled through parts of Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, and collected, with much taste and judgment, numerous valuable relics of antiquity, now forming the grand ornaments of his family seat. Sir R. Worsley, who was M.P. for the borough of Newport, governor of the Isle of Wight, comptroller of the King's household, &c., died at Appuldurcombe, in 1805. His only son having died before him, this estate devolved on his sister, the wife of John Bridgeman Simpson, Esq., whose only daughter conveyed it, by marriage, to Charles Anderson Pelham, Earl of Yarborough, commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, who died on board his vessel, the *Kestrel*, when off the coast of Portugal, May, 1847. He left a son, his successor, C. A. Lord Worsley, several years M.P. for one of the divisions of Lincolnshire; a second son, Captain Dudley Pelham, R.N.; and a daughter, Lady Charlotte Copley.

Viewing Appuldurcombe as we approach it over Week Down, or over that of Shanklin, by Cook's Castle, it exhibits a variety of fine landscape scenery, and affords a noble prospect of the mansion and surrounding country. On the knoll ascent behind the house stand beech-trees of unusual magnitude, with venerable oaks, forming part of a well-wooded back-ground to the view. The building, which may be considered, in its architectural design, as rather ponderous than elegant, may be described as having four fronts of the Corinthian order, the pilasters, cornices,

balustrades, and other ornamental portions, being constructed of Portland stone. The grand entrance is on the eastern side, where there are two projecting wings; and in the front of which stretches a noble lawn, richly decorated with exotic trees and flowering shrubs. On the southern side is a colonnade, whence there is a delightful view. The entrance-hall, fifty-four feet in length, and twenty-four in breadth, is embellished with eight Ionic columns, stained or painted in imitation of porphyry. On the first and attic stories are more than twenty bed-chambers, with corresponding dressing-rooms. "Whichever way we turn our eyes in this hall, the most precious pieces of ancient sculpture, without mutilation, or paintings of the Roman or Venetian schools, claim our attention. These are all fixed on the walls of the room, and are arranged with so much elegance and harmony, that their disposition could not be amended. The other rooms on this floor are also superbly furnished, and decorated with some fine pictures, and many excellent drawings of the cities, countries, and ruins of the east."

Among the pictures in this collection are some of the admirable productions of Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds, together with those of Guido Rheni, Spagnoletti, Schiavoni, and the Carracci; also two large landscapes by Zuccarelli, the school of Athens by Tresham, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated picture of Kemble in Coriolanus. And here are portraits of Henry the Eighth, and his son Edward when an infant, by Holbein, and portraits of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and the Earl of Essex. And as a fine specimen of modern

sculpture, a highly-finished bust of the late Lady Yarborough, by Nollekens.

As the limits to which our descriptive notices are restricted preclude the possibility of any detailed account of the treasures of ancient art collected by Sir Richard Worsley, we refer those who wish for further information to the catalogues, in English and Italian, published by the collector, under the title of "Museum Worslieanum."

On the summit of the hill behind the house stands an obelisk of Cornish granite, seventy feet in height, erected in 1774, in commemoration of Sir Robert Worsley, the founder of Appuldurcombe House, by his grand-nephew, the last Baronet, who completed and furnished it. On a rocky cliff, about a mile from the park, to the east, is a structure, called Cook's Castle, an artificial ruin, erected for effect, like the fragmentary piles near Virginia Water, in Windsor Great Park.

Appuldurcombe Park is situated seven miles south-east of Newport, and about a mile from the village of Godshill. Persons wishing to see the interior of the mansion must obtain admission-tickets, which are readily furnished to respectable applicants by Thomas Sewell, Esq., of Newport. The appointed times for viewing this place are Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon.

G O D S H I L L.

This very quiet and picturesque village is situated within a short distance from the principal entrance to Appuldurcombe. The cottages are neat, with small gardens attached and adorned with a variety of flowering shrubs. A commodious inn has recently been erected here. The parish dates back beyond the compilation of Dooms-Day Book, and is one of the six churches bestowed by William Fitzosborne on his Abbey of Lyra in Normandy. The Church has a handsome tower adorned with pinnacles, and has five bells and an antique clock, and being erected on a lofty and steep knoll, is conspicuously visible from every part of this wide and extensive vale. The inside is kept very neat, which a long range of Gothic arches equally divides into two similar aisles. Another aisle crosses the church from North to South; and in the north part of it, is a superb monument of marble, erected to the memories of Sir Robert Worsley and his brother Henry, whose busts are finely sculptured, and placed upon the sarcophagus of the monument. Several other monuments of the Worsley family, and of the still more ancient proprietors of Appuldurcombe, are to be seen within its walls. Godshill has a grammar-school, founded and endowed by Sir Richard Worsley, in addition to a large free-school.

SANDOWN.

Passing the barracks and the new Church of Sandown, we descend to its beautiful Bay, where along it are ranged numerous cottages and dwellings, several of them of light fantastic forms, delightfully situated for the benefit of the sea-air during the summer months, and where every convenience is afforded for the benefit of sea-bathing. The spot, however, is deficient of trees, and this deficiency is always felt the more on leaving the umbrageous and shady groves of Shanklin. Sandown is, however, rising in estimation, judging from the rapid increase of its buildings.

SANDOWN CHURCH.

The new district-church of the increasing village of Sandown has been lately erected on a commanding site, presented by Sir William Oglander. It is a simple and unpretending structure in the early decorated style, and consists in plan of Nave and Chancel, with one Aisle and a Porch which forms the lower part of the Tower, which is finished with a spire standing on a bold broach. The interior is impressive and characteristic. It contains sittings for 450 persons, one half of which are free.

The Church, contrary to the usual practice, is placed North and South. It is to be regretted the shape of the ground should have occasioned this deviation from the general rule. It was erected from the designs of Mr. Woodman, a young architect.

SANDOWN FORT,

Is a regular quadrangular fortification with a bastion at each angle, and surrounded by a moat. This is the only fort of any consequence in the island, and was constructed to defend the most vulnerable point upon this part of the coast left open by Nature to the descent of an enemy. It was built with the materials of one of Henry the Eighth's castles, which was demolished by the incursions of the sea. During the American war, this fort was attacked by privateers, but without success.

At a little distance from this fort, situated above the inn on the west side of the cliff, where the shore begins to rise, is the Cottage of the late celebrated John Wilkes, who here ended his stormy political life in the year 1797.

YAVERLAND.

(Distant from Shanklin about four miles.)

Among the objects of antiquity in the Isle of Wight, the parish church of Yaverland is particularly deserving of notice. This structure, indeed, is altogether inconsiderable in its dimensions, and in certain parts only displays the workmanship of an early period, yet it is interesting as being probably the most ancient building of the kind now existing in this island. It consists of a nave or body, and a chancel. The entrance door-way on the south side was originally square-headed; but it is now

surmounted by semi-circular mouldings, forming an arch, which springs from the impost of pillars, with capitals not alike on both sides. The outer moulding is the zig-zag or chevron, common in Norman architecture; and within it is another of an unusual form, which is characterized by Sir Henry Englefield as "resembling in its effect those rows of birds' heads sometimes met with in arches of this style." The space between the square of head of the door-way and the arch just described is ornamented with a kind of chequer-work or tracery interspersed with roses. A part of this decorated surface has been cut away to make the door-way higher, the ground on which it stands doubtless having been raised since the Church was built. The nave of the Church is divided from the Chancel by an arch of a similar character with that of the door-way, but more highly ornamented and in better preservation. It springs from slender pillars, hatched on the surface, as if to represent the trunks of pines or fir-trees. The arch is adorned with a double chevron moulding, within another which may be termed an interlaced or diamond-shaped moulding. "On the north side of this arch, there is the remainder of a small staircase, opening into the chancel below, and passing through the wall of separation. This evidently led into a pulpit, situated nearly where the present wooden one stands, but of the original pulpit, which probably was of stone, there is not any part now discernible. The staircase appears coeval with the wall, and it is a very curious and perhaps singular remnant of ecclesiastical antiquity, bringing to remembrance the *ambones*, or reading-desks,

attached to the choirs, or *absides* of the earliest Christian churches."* This fine old arch forms the only entrance from the nave into the chancel of the church. There is, on the south side of this edifice, a window, which appears to be of a later date than the parts above described; and the present window, at the east end, is the work of a still more recent period.

Yaverland is twice mentioned in Domesday Book, under the name of Evreland; and there were two manors or estates there, one of which belonged to the King, and the other to William Fitz-Azor. One or both these mansions afterwards became the property of a family named De Aula; and in the reign of King Edward the First, the estate passed to Sir William Russell, through his marriage with Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of Thomas De Aula. In the time of Queen Mary, it was purchased by German Richards, and the last proprietor of his family who held it gave it by will to the Rev. Mr. Wright, and in case of his death without issue, to the members of Exeter College, Oxford, to whom Yaverland now belongs. Sir Richard Worsley says, one of the lords of the manor of the family of De Aula built the church of Yaverland, in the parish of Brading, and endowed it with the tithes of his demesnes. This statement is probably correct, for a pension is payable from Yaverland to the mother church of Brading. In the valuation of livings, drawn up by order of Cardinal Beaufort, in the reign of Henry the

* Sir H. Englefield: Description, &c. of the Isle of Wight, p. 72.

Sixth, this is mentioned as a chapelry, exempted from taxation on account of inability.

This sacred edifice may be said to have been miraculously preserved from destruction on Ash Wednesday, 1833. During a violent tempest on that day, several large trees, situated near the church, were blown down, and although they fell close to the building, it sustained no other injury than a broken tile.

The Manor House of Yaverland,* built in the reign of James the First, stands near the church-yard, on an eminence open to the south. It is a large stone structure, of the form commonly called a half H, or having projecting wings. A carved doorway, leading from the hall to the staircase, bears on it the date 1620. It has long been occupied as a farm house.

This venerable mansion, with its gable attics, antique windows with stone mullions, and its ornamented chimneys, has an appearance of a highly picturesque character, and with the little ancient church, which is nearly surrounded by fine old elms, presents a scene well worthy of the pencil of the artist and amateur; whilst from this spot is a noble and commanding view of Sandown Bay, stretching its curving shore along the sandy cliffs of Shanklin, and terminating in the distance with that dark and towering promontory, with the landslip below it—

“ Where Dunnose in stern grandeur frowns
Upon the dark blue sea.”

* The late Rev. Legh Richmond, who, in 1798, undertook the charge of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland, has given an interesting description of this spot in Part IV. of “The Dairyman’s Daughter.”

BEMBRIDGE DOWN,

Situated above the Culver Cliffs "is inferior only," as Mr. Roscoe says, "to those of Arreton and Ashe, and presents a rich diversity of extensive views. To the south and east, spreads the boundless ocean, while the deep blue waters of Sandown Bay form a beautiful contrast with the land scenery of the west. Below the observer extend the vast chalky precipices of the Culver Cliffs, four hundred feet above the level of the sea. If adventurous enough, he may visit a spot on his return, called the Hermit's Hole, which penetrates twenty feet into the rock, and about thirty feet below the highest point of the cliff. The pathway is exceedingly narrow, and any obstacle occurring, would have puzzled us not a little, either how to proceed onwards or to retreat."

"A singular incident, said to be well authenticated, occurred to a person whose curiosity led him to visit this hollow cavity alone. He met a sheep on the narrowest part of the ledge, but instead of disputing the passage, wisely laid down upon his face, permitting the animal to pass over him—a plan, doubtless, agreeable to both parties."

EARL OF YARBOROUGH'S OBELISK.

On the summit of Bembridge Down, was erected, in 1849, a lofty obelisk, as a memorial of esteem and respect to the memory of the late Charles Anderson Pelham, Earl of Yarborough, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, by subscriptions from members of the Club. The ground was given by Sir Graham Eden Hammond. It is built of granite, and is seventy-five feet high, and fourteen feet square at the base, the whole forming a

simple and grand monument, and will be used as a sea-mark. It was designed and erected by Mr. Peter Rolt, the government contractor for the extensive works in Portsmouth Dock-Yard.

BEMBRIDGE CHURCH.

Although Bembridge is out of the usual track of visitors, yet we presume a description of this newly erected edifice will gratify some of our readers.

The church has been rebuilt, from the designs of Mr. T. Hellyer, architect, to whose taste and talent the town of Ryde is indebted for its handsome church of Trinity. It is erected on the site of the old one, which, although built only a few years since, was so dilapidated as to endanger its safety. It is of simple composition, in the early English style, with a chancel of somewhat later date, and consists in plan of a nave and south aisle, with north and south porches.

The interior effect is well sustained, and so faithfully has the spirit of the old building been felt, that many persons have taken the structure for an old one restored. The roof of the nave is very striking, and displays somewhat of a novel character in modern church architecture, although frequently met with in buildings of the date which served as a model in this instance; it is of the canted form, and every pair of rafters trussed, which produces a beautiful and varied perspective.

The tower is a simple and well-proportioned mass, surmounted by a broach spire of graceful outline, and it serves as a landmark for vessels at sea, to which purpose the Trinity Board subscribed one thousand pounds.

The interior dimensions are as follow:—Nave, 52 by

21 feet ; aisle, 60 by 17 feet ; chancel, 22 by 17 feet. The church contains sittings for 560 worshippers.

The interior is excellent throughout. The low circular shafts, with their elegant arches, the well-shaped chancel arch, and the exceedingly beautiful and highly pointed opening into the tower at the west end, are all pleasing and satisfying ; and there is a character of solemn reverence, and of extreme, yet not exaggerated simplicity, which leaves little to be desired to fill up the ideal of what a village church should be. The wood-work of the church is excellent ; the seats are low and uniform ; there are no needless and unsightly pew-doors, nor other unchristian distinctions. The holy table is simple and massive, and of correct design. The altar-rails are well carved in oak, and of early English date. The desk is very rich and elegant. The pulpit deserves all praise ; it is of rich perpendicular design, and placed on a stone base, formed into a projecting bracket in front, and ascended by stone steps. It is unusually low, but quite high enough, and commands the church effectually. This admirable pulpit is at the base of one of the piers, and is visible from every part. The font is very beautiful, circular, and panelled with a rich and elegant arcade of early English design, adorned with Christian emblems.

BRADING CHURCH.

This large and venerable pile, with its massive tower and steeple, said to be built in the year 704,* has been

* The first converts to Christianity in the Island are said to have been here baptized, and frequently skeletons of gigantic size (supposed to be the remains of ancient Saxons) have been discovered in the cemetery.

pronounced to be the oldest church in the Island, and possibly some part of the building may claim an earlier date than that of Yaverland, or old Bonchurch. It consists of a body, chancel, and side-aisles. The massive round pillars of its interior, which support the pointed arches, present a fine study for the antiquary. There are some curious old tombs in the communion place, and also in the chapel of the Oglanders, the burial place of that family, which is separated from the rest of the church by an old oak screen.

In the adjacent cemetery are several well-written epitaphs, of which we shall select two: the first of considerable poetical merit, from the pen of the late Rev. Mr. Gill, curate of Newchurch. This pleasing composition was considered worthy to be set to music by the late eminent composer, Dr. Calcott, whose melody displays a most beautiful and plaintive style.

ON MRS. ANN BERRY.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
 And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

The other epitaph, of great simplicity, is inscribed on the tomb of an infant of the name of Dyer.

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
 Call'd hence by early doom ;
 Just come to show how sweet a flower
 In Paradise would bloom !

Nor must we pass over the humble tomb which is situated at the back of the church, on its south-east corner. Its inscription, of equal celebrity, from the pen of the Rev. Legh Richmond, tells us that—

JANE, THE YOUNG COTTAGER, LIES BURIED HERE.

At the back of the church stood the house* where for some time resided this highly-respected clergyman,† who officiated here as curate, whose talents and labours, and the beauty and piety of his writings, have left recollections not easily to be effaced. “The Annals of the Poor,” containing the “NEGRO,” the “YOUNG COTTAGER,” and the “DAIRY-MAN’S DAUGHTER” have laid the groundwork for the best of all national educations, by inculcating sentiments of humility and piety towards Heaven ; while patience, gentleness, and mutual love and truth are inculcated as duties men owe to one another, and as the purest incense they can offer up to their Creator.”—*Roscoe*.

* A new Vicarage House in the Tudor style has been erected in 1849, contiguous to the site of the old building,—from the designs of Mr. Hellyer, architect, Ryde.

† The Rev. Legh Richmond, one of the brightest ornaments of the Church, after many years of extensive usefulness and unwearied exertion, died with a full hope of immortality, May 8, 1827, aged fifty-five years, leaving a widow and eight surviving children to mourn their irreparable loss.

A grave-stone with the following memorial was erected in 1822 in the churchyard of Arreton, marking the spot where repose the remains of Elizabeth Wallbridge, The Dairyman's Daughter, from the pen of her faithful biographer, the Rev. Legh Richmond:—

Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
 Upon this hallow'd turf thy footsteps tread,
 Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
 And think of Her whose spirit rests with God.
 Lowly her lot on earth—but He, who bore
 Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
 Gave her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
 The choicest treasures of his boundless love,—
 (Faith that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom—
 Hope that could cheer the passage to the tomb—
 Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy—
 And Love that fill'd the soul with heavenly joy.)
 Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
 But tasted heav'n e'en whilst she linger'd here.
 O, happy saint! may we, like thee, be blest,—
 In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

BRADING HAVEN.

The extensive marsh of Brading consists of eight hundred and fifty acres. The Haven, at high tide, presents the appearance of a beautiful lake, and gleams like a mirror in the mid-day sun. Sir Hugh Middleton, the memorable projector of the New River, near London, once endeavoured to exclude the entrance of the sea, by an embankment of a peculiar construction; but after repeated

attempts, the scheme proved abortive, and it was given up, after an expenditure of 7000*l*. At high water there is sufficient depth to convey small vessels to the quay, and the haven supplies the inhabitants with several kinds of fish. At low tide, the change is astonishing, exhibiting then a dreary tract of mire and wet sand, enlivened only by a small stream, called the Eastern Yar, which runs through it, and which takes its rise near the back of the island, between Whitwell and Niton, at the further end of the Undercliff.

The beauty and brilliancy of the haven at high tide has a very striking effect, while passing it on the road from Ryde to Shanklin; its margin then appears as if surrounded by winding silvery rivulets, wending their course around luxuriant verdure of the brightest green.

In the vicinity of this haven is the famous roadstead of St. Helen's, where our men-of-war and merchantmen are seen to ride in perfect safety, while taking in provisions previous to their adieu to Old England.

The earliest charter of Brading is dated in the reign of Edward VI. The common seal is encircled with this motto—"The Kinge's Towne of Bradynge."

The town of Brading has nothing to recommend it either to the eye of the artist or the stranger. The only attractive feature of the spot consists in its ancient, massive, and picturesque church.

Having now described the whole of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Shanklin, we proceed by the *Carriage Way*, through Bonchurch and Ventnor to the Undercliff—the footway to Bonchurch through the Landslip having already been described.

SHANKLIN TO BONCHURCH, BY THE CARRIAGE-WAY,

A distance of three miles and a half.

ON leaving Shanklin, the road passes by the Rectoral residence of the Rev. Archdeacon Hill, situated on the right, at the head of a short turning above Williams's Hotel. Here the most luxuriant myrtles are seen flourishing in the open air around the simple yet tastefully designed thatched Cottage. On resuming our walk, the high road is lined by fine oaks, elms, and various other trees growing in this romantic dell, which forms the inland continuation of the celebrated Chine, and where the stream that supplies it is seen to flow. The little village Church is now before us. Proceeding through the Turnpike-gate, we observe on the left, a gate leading across an open field, where on the slope of its rising ground above, are some magnificent ash trees spreading their branches in the most graceful forms. One of the springs by which the Chine is fed, is discerned while passing through this gate, (the path itself being a short cut for pedestrians in order to avoid the circuitous winding of the high road on the side of the lofty Down.) The botanist will here be delighted by many of Nature's gems studding the verdant slopes with their varied hues.* On reaching the top of

* A friend in the summer of 1848, gathered from the side of this road, opposite to where the ash trees stand, a single stem of foxglove, on which were blooming 126 separate flowers.

the field, and crossing a stile, we regain the high road, and from this elevated point a most magnificent view presents itself, comprising the whole vicinity of Shanklin, whose white cottages are seen to be studding the valley, interspersed with groups of clustered trees. Above it, spreads the beautiful Bay of Sandown, crowned by the white Culver Cliffs. The new Church of Sandown (of which a separate description is given in this work) forms a conspicuous feature in the view. Between the Downs of Brading and Bembridge, appears Brading Haven, glistening in a brilliant silvery light. Beyond it, across the Solent Sea, is seen Portsmouth, with its batteries and bastions, and Portsdown Hill rising above; while in the distance extends a range of the Sussex coast, stretching along the horizon, towards Brighton and Beachy Head, till lost and blended with the sea and sky.

In the evening is seen from hence the floating light, called "The Nab," which is fixed at the extremity of a dangerous reef of rocks, and projects far out at sea, presenting the appearance of some unknown planet, to bewilder those who are not acquainted with its beneficent intention.

It was our good fortune to behold this noble view on a day when the boundless ocean exhibited its wide expanse in a colour of the most intense blue, vying in splendour with the famed Italian seas, whilst, inland of the Island, the undulating ground was covered with extensive corn-fields, waving their golden treasures in the breeze.

On turning the angle of the road, we sweep round the brow of an immense amphitheatre of Down. From hence,

Luccombe Chine is seen below us, breaking into the view from the sea. The rugged character of this Chine—the varied features of the swelling ground, together with the lofty, verdant slopes of the Mountain-Down, never fail to impress upon the mind of the beholder the grandeur of a first glance of the wild sublimity of the **BACK OF THE ISLAND.**

At this point commences that vast southern ridge of chalk hills above the green sandstone strata, which extends from hence to Black Gang Chine, forming that northern wall of protection which has rendered the climate of the Undercliff so peculiarly mild and salubrious.

A descent of the road shortly brings us to the approach towards Bonchurch. At the point immediately before we reach the Hotel, the whole of this wondrous scene, in all its beauty, suddenly bursts upon the sight.

BONCHURCH.

“ All hail, lovely Bonchurch, thy hills and thy dales,
Where grandeur reposes, and beauty prevails !”

Here the spectator should take a station on the rocky eminence belonging to the hotel, on which a flag-staff is raised, and where garden-seats are placed, from whence visitors may advantageously contemplate the delightful scene.

From this point of view the distance extends to Ventnor and Steephill Castle, and Ribbands's Hotel appears immediately in the foreground. Beyond it, a number

of picturesque villas and lodging-houses extend in an irregular line, with gardens in front, which communicate with the private road leading to Pulpit Rock Villa and Rosemount; whilst, on the side of the road opposite to the hotel, is a handsome Cottage, called Cliff Den, the residence of Lady Hampson. In this magnificent panorama, the attention of the traveller is principally attracted to that portion of the view—

“ Where bold and craggy cliffs impend,
And form a barrier wall;
Where ivy-shoots with holly blend,
Or in loose tresses fall.”

At the further extremity of the upper cliff, appears the curious projecting rock, named “The Pulpit,” surmounted by a rustic wooden cross, where, from its castellated tower, may be obtained a more elevated prospect of remarkable grandeur, whose magnificence has already been amply described in page 13.

Previously to the year 1840, this spot was claimed by Nature as her own—a wilderness complete, whose rugged masses of rock, seen from the vale, appeared to be scattered in countless numbers over the heights, intermingled with luxuriant trees, evergreens, and underwood, exhibiting altogether a character of rude simplicity, totally unlike the works of man. Now studded with white villas, it assumes the air of an inhabited and richly ornamented scene.

In the distance, the steep and towering Down of St. Boniface is seen to rise precipitously in all its native

grandeur, crowning the undulating hills of Ventnor, and overlooking all the buildings of the town, while the mighty ocean is spread before us—how magnificent is the scene—

“ When the sunbeam at eve paints with gold, rock and tree,
And the far distant sails shine like gems on the sea !”

While descending to the valley, by the steep declivity called Bonchurch Shute, we observe on the right, the New Church, of which a separate description has already been given. At the bottom of the declivity, the road on the left leads to the Old Church and the Landslip. To the right it passes by the ridge on which is situated Undermount Rock, and the lodge entrance to Mr. Dick's villa, and through the village leading along the edge of the Pond, where we are immediately struck with the beauty of the hanging wood on the opposite side, its fine Scotch pines so beautifully reflected in the pool; while in the distance, between the avenue of trees, is seen the newly-formed Waterfall.

ADMIRAL HOBSON.

We cannot close our account of Bonchurch without noticing it as the birthplace of an individual, who, from a humble station in life, by a prompt act of heroism, laid the foundation of fame and fortune, eventually becoming an Admiral of the British Fleet.

In the reign of Queen Anne, an orphan boy was apprenticed by the parish to a tailor at Niton, a village about five miles distant. An adventurous disposition led

him boldly to dare the narrow road to fame. Seated one day at his master's shop-board, a squadron of men-of-war was seen off Dunnose. Young Hobson, attracted by the sight, and urged by the enthusiasm of the moment, made to the shore, unobserved by the inhabitants, who had collected to enjoy so grand a sight, and leaping into a boat, pushed off to the squadron, and entered as a volunteer on board the Admiral's ship. The interval of time before reaching the fleet, must have been of intense anxiety, whilst plying his oars with unwearied activity—bereft of parents, and no friend to guide him, striving in a solitary boat, against the swelling waves around him—

An orphan *lone*—he feels the stern decree,
And casts his die upon the world's wide sea!

The boat afterwards beat ashore, having been turned adrift, and his hat, which in his hurry he had left behind him, was found upon the sands, whence it was thought that he had perished. The next day, (a most extraordinary fact,) the squadron fell in with the French fleet, an action ensued, in which the young sailor, after promptly obeying orders in battle of two hours duration, asked the sailors the object for which they were fighting. "For that white rag at the enemy's mast-head, to be sure," was the seaman's answer. "Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do," when, concealed by the smoke, the youth climbed the shrouds unperceived, and at the moment the two Admirals were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, made his way along the main-yard, and gaining that of the enemy, he mounted to the main-top-gallant-mast head,

and carried off the flag, returning with it to his own ship, while the British sailors were shouting "Victory." The French crew, daunted by the apparent striking of their flag, were dismayed, and thrown into confusion, and forsook their guns. After the battle, the Admiral hearing of this bold and heroic exploit, ordered him to the quarter-deck, where, instead of receiving, as was expected, *a reprimand*, he was immediately promoted, and under the auspices of his Admiral, rose rapidly, while no one at home, hearing of the valiant exploits of Admiral Hobson, ever conjectured he was the old tailor's apprentice-boy at Niton.

Years rolled on, when, upon a summer's day, a gentle tap was heard at the humble cot in which still resided the old tailor and his wife, and a party of naval officers, who had just arrived at Spithead, made their appearance at the cottage door, requesting to be allowed to rest themselves, and to be accommodated with some homely fare, such as the place might at the time afford. The good old wife, surprised, and yet delighted with the affability of the grand officers of the British navy, immediately supplied them with a plain dish of eggs and bacon, of which the host and hostess were invited to partake, and no excuse allowed; wine had been brought by the party.

The cup went round, and all was mirth and glee—

He sung a verse—"the Perils of the Sea."

"Why, Richard," exclaimed the old dame, "that's the very song our Hobby used to sing," at the same time

turning her head to hide the starting tear:—"And who is Hobby?" inquired the gallant Admiral.—"Ah! Sir," replied the old man, "he was our lost apprentice-boy—drowned many years ago;—my wife is often talking of him—poor unlucky lad!" The noble sailor, rising from his seat, assured them he could tell something about him, saying—

Give me your hands my friends—and wish me joy—
I am that poor and long-lost orphan-boy.

And it is recorded that ample instances of the liberality of Admiral Hobson were subsequently spoken of by the aged inmates of the humble cottage at Niton.

Ventnor now lies before us. On approaching it, we observe on the left, a tasteful and picturesque building, erected in the Italian style, with a small bell turret. It was originally intended as a School, but has since been converted into an Hotel, and forms a very attractive object as we enter the town from Bonchurch. The Church of Ventnor seen in the distance, is favourably situated on the rising ground contiguous to the Grove and its umbrageous trees. But the boldest feature of the place is the gigantic Down of St. Boniface, which here assumes an air of considerable grandeur, rising immediately behind the town, and forming a complete shelter against the cold northerly winds.

VENTNOR.

See Ventnor rise!—its undulating hill
 Spread o'er with dwellings, and its pleasing Mill
 By waters turn'd, which ever gushing pour
 Between the cliffs, and tumble on the shore;
 Its Church and spire, its rocky Bay and Cove,
 And the vast Down, that proudly towers above.

A few years since, Ventnor contained only a group of huts for fishermen, an old water-mill, and a little thatched inn, called "The Crab and Lobster," a humble house of refreshment, where the branches of a wide-spreading fig-tree afforded a welcome shade to the traveller while regaling on its open lawn in front. What a change is now presented! The huts have vanished—the old mill *turned* into a new one—and "The Crab and Lobster," though diminished in *eclât*, is upon the constant *qui vive*, surrounded as it is by anxious competitors, who are all upon the *sharp look-out*. The High-street of Ventnor now passes between that little inn and the sea.

The most prominent characteristic of Ventnor is the steep and lofty Down of St. Boniface, which rises abruptly behind it, and completely overlooks the town. Ventnor appears to most advantage when seen from the heights of the neighbourhood; it then forms a *mass*, whereas, from any other point, the view becomes distracted, in consequence of its numerous buildings being erected in all di-

rections, while the general deficiency of foliage is very striking, particularly after having passed through Bonchurch and Shanklin, where it abounds. We must, however, except that portion in which is situated the Grove, close to which is erected the church, presenting, with its decorated spire, a highly ornamental object.

The first time we visited Ventnor was upon a fine summer's evening. We entered it from the heights above, by the Newport road, fortunately riding on the *outside* of the coach, having hitherto proceeded the whole journey without a single glimpse of the sea. The sun was shining in all the evening splendour of a subdued purple light. Suddenly the view burst upon the sight; the town appeared below spread out like a map, the windows of the houses were blazing like an illumination, the church, with its spire, finely contrasting with the dark tints of the grove; while, on the left, rose the stately Down of St. Boniface, and beyond it, in the distance, appeared the rich foliage of Bonchurch, its white villas peeping between the trees. The boundless ocean distended before us like a sky of intense blue, and the distant vessels upon it shining like gems of the brightest golden hue. Ventnor seen under so beautiful an aspect could never be forgotten.

The most interesting part of Ventnor is decidedly that in the vicinity of Grove Road, which commands a fine view of the open sea, and has the advantage of being enriched by the luxuriant foliage of the Grove. At this spot, is situated a handsome Villa, called Elm Grove House, its sloping lawns, winding walks, and flowering shrubs, being laid out with the greatest taste. It is the property

of Mr. Drew, and is at present occupied by Albert Hambrough, Esq., eldest son of John Hambrough, Esq., of Steephill Castle.

THE CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE, VENTNOR.

The poor shall bless—the grateful heart shall prize
The pious gift that points towards the skies.

This sacred edifice was erected in the year 1836. The first stone was laid in the month of June of that year by Mrs. Hambrough, in the presence of a large concourse of people from the surrounding neighbourhood. It was built from the designs of Mr. Robert Ebbles, architect, of Tettenhall Wood, near Wolverhampton.

The increase of inhabitants at this celebrated Watering Place, and the great influx of strangers, rendered it desirable to build a new Church, and, it is owing to the munificent liberality of John Hambrough, Esq., of Steephill Castle, that it has been erected at his own entire expense, at a cost of 3371*l.* Mr. Hambrough has also endowed it with the sum of 1000*l.*, the interest of which, with the pew-rents, forms the stipend for the clergyman, at present the Rev. John Noble Coleman.

The Church is of the early English style, with plain lancet windows. It has an ornamented tower and spire 110 feet high, and stands upon an elevated spot 224 feet above the level of the sea. Its dimensions are fifty-nine feet long, and thirty-six feet six inches wide, clear of the walls, and it contains 505 sittings, 179 of which are free and unappropriated. The site on which the Church

stands, together with the stone, was presented by Major Popham Hill. In the year 1843 side galleries were added, containing space for 200 sittings, entirely free, for the use of the poor of the district.

A Chancel was appended to the Church in 1849, whereby the edifice is considerably enlarged, and the general effect greatly improved. Vestry rooms are also attached to the chancel.

The handsome Parsonage House, situated on the cliff near the sea, was also erected at the expense of Mr. Hambrough, who bought the plot of ground on which it stands. The expense of this dwelling for the incumbent clergyman amounted to 2000*l*.

The new Water-Mill, the Parsonage, and the Schools at Ventnor, were all erected from the designs of the same architect, Mr. Robert Ebbles.

There are Circulating Libraries with Reading Rooms at Ventnor, which are supplied daily with the London papers, the first of which established at the spot was that of Spary's, the Post Office, where, for the great convenience of visitors, money-orders are issued and paid. Mr. Spary is also engaged in House Agency.

A little beyond the Church, nearly opposite Moor's Library, is a remarkable jutting Rock that overhangs the road. A few years ago, a blacksmith's forge was situated at its side. We remember it on a beautiful moonlight night, when the furnace was darting its red and fiery rays against the impending ledge of the crag, finely contrasting with the mild splendour of the silvery moon, while the blue smoke was curling and rising about the shady side

of the rock. It was an effect worthy of being depicted by the magic pencil of Rembrandt.

In the year 1848 a new and excellent plan was adopted for the purpose of supplying Ventnor with the purest water, from a spring which rises on the side of St. Boniface Down. The water is conveyed by pipes to the tops of nearly all the houses without requiring the least power of machinery. The supply is abundant, and contributes greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants. Thus by a fortunate and ingenious contrivance is the pellucid stream partly directed to the use of the town, instead of being wasted, as heretofore, by flowing into the sea.

The climate of this part of the Island, during the winter months, is admitted by the most eminent physicians to vie with that of Torquay in Devonshire, and the western parts of Cornwall. This favourable circumstance, together with the nearness of Bonchurch and Ventnor to the great metropolis, are of considerable advantage to the invalid. It is also well known that persons leaving Liverpool at six in the morning, may reach the Undercliff by nine in the evening of the same day. And a further great accommodation to the public is now in progress. The want of a secure landing-place at the back of the Island has long been felt as an inconvenience. However, there are at present some operations going on upon the shore at Bonchurch which excite considerable local interest, and every hope is entertained that before the end of the present year effective arrangements will enable steamers passing round the Island, to land passengers without risk or disappointment.

It is stated by persons residing near the sea at this spot,

that great natural changes are now taking place in this locality, which, by a little management, may render the shore at Bonchurch and Ventnor more highly attractive. So great a quantity of sand and shingle is known to be travelling along the coast from the westward, that every southerly or westerly gale adds to the comfort of those to whom a stroll along shore may yield delight. It is surprising to see the great improvement which has lately taken place in this respect between Bonchurch and Dunnose Point, where many thousands of tons have foundered from the face of that bold promontory. And although great facilities already exist for sea-bathing, every advantage has recently been taken of the increased quantity of sand accumulating on the beach. A spirited proprietor of bathing machines at Bonchurch has, during the last winter, to a considerable extent, cleared away the rocks near the waterfall on the shore, in order to form a private, but extensive bathing place for ladies.

VENTNOR COVE.

A great and long-desired improvement has lately been effected at this spot. In 1848, a substantial sea-wall, extending along the whole front of the Cove, from its east end to that of its west, has been constructed, forming a very handsome *ESPLANADE* above the beach; thus affording to visitors a delightful marine parade, free from the inconvenience of shingle or wet sand.

About fifteen years ago, this Cove presented to the eye of the artist, one of the most interesting nooks in the Is-

land, and had previously afforded an excellent subject for the pencil of the late talented painter, Luke Clennell. It was in this neighbourhood and at Puckaster Cove, that George Moreland availed himself of those rugged beach scenes which he applied to pictures of "Smugglers landing their cargo."

On its beach was situated a cluster of old thatched fishing huts upon a raised bank, faced by rude stones overhung by sea-weed—a few slight stems of trees, stripped of their bark, serving as poles for sustaining lines, on which were suspended fish for bait.

While sturdy fishers, active on the shore,
Spread the loose net—where lobster-pot and oar
Were piled around the weatherbeaten door.

In front of the huts, two or three large capstans were fixed upon the beach, where some huge coils of rope were lying, ready to haul up the boats, while a flight of sea-gulls, screaming and hovering in the air, gave great animation to the scene,—

These were its charms—but all these charms have fled,
Now, green *Verandas* deck the spot instead!

Looking from the high road of Ventnor, down upon the Cove, we observe it to be filled with lodging houses and baths—a winding road leading to them,—the new Esplanade forming a handsome feature in the view, while the detached rocks, dashed by the flowing wave, still afford a very pleasing variety to the scene. Adjoining

the Cove is Mill Bay, whose copious stream, descending to the beach, is heard at a considerable distance. In Mill Bay is a house, built in the Italian style, with a tower, rather *outrée* for the situation it holds, so near the beach—but this is not the only odd thing at Ventnor—

Where tier on tier, upon its rising ground,
Houses of all invented shapes are found.

There are two principal Hotels in this town, "THE MARINE," and "THE VENTNOR,"—the former overlooks the Cove. The Crab and Lobster *now* ranks as a second-rate house.

ST. BONIFACE DOWN, VENTNOR.

Every person who fears not a little fatigue, and whose health and spirits will allow it, should ascend this eminence, taking due precaution suggested in the hint we have already given in the description of Bonchurch Down, and he will meet an ample reward in the gratification he will enjoy. The ascent of the acclivity is facilitated by the footsteps already worn in the turf. To reach it, he must proceed along Grove Road, passing Elmgrove House, where the road becomes very steep, and he will soon arrive at the foot of the Down. The worn footsteps on the hill will direct him in his way.

On the top of this eminence he will have an extensive view of the ocean, in a wide sweep of thirty miles—Ventnor from thence appearing below him to the greatest advantage. While ascending the Down, he will observe

the grand curve it forms at the hollow Combe towards the left, taking the shape of a horse-shoe. When arrived at the summit, he must take the direction of the curve above the valley. A slightly beaten track upon the upper part of the Down may easily be traced, and on arriving at the opposite side, a noble view presents itself across the Island, with the mansion and grounds of Appuldurcombe and its conspicuous obelisk. The summit of St. Catherine's Hill, with its tower, (the highest point in the Island,) may be discerned above the hills in the hazy distance on the left, while beyond the extensive vale below, appears a distant glimpse of the Solent Sea, and the harbour of Cowes.

In the course of this little tour, an amazing difference may be observed in the surface of the Down. That portion which was ascended having the appearance of the smoothest lawn, while, towards the opposite side, it is covered with wild heath, tufted, and tangled together, bearing myriads of blue flowers. The deep valley in the hollow, appearing thence in all the grandeur of pristine Nature, while the town of Ventnor presents a handsome feature in the view, as seen between the green slopes of the mountain-down.

The *descent* from this eminence will be found rather more difficult than the *ascent*, in consequence of the steepness of its pathway.

THE SPRING ON ST. BONIFACE DOWN, CALLED
THE WISHING WELL.

A spring issuing from the slope of the Down at a considerable height, has given cause for various conjectures, and must still remain unexplained as a natural phenomenon. It may be observed on the precipitous height by the freshness of the green turf that denotes its downward course. A steep and rough path, or rather rude-worn steps lead to it. Many a pilgrim exploring its source has discovered the true meaning of the name—earnestly *wishing himself safely back again*.

This spring is situated nearer to Bonchurch than to Ventnor.

STEEPHILL CASTLE.

From Ventnor to Steephill the view of the sea is intercepted by a high ridge or mound, extending nearly a mile in length, as far as the Lodge Gates of the castellated mansion of John Hambrough, Esq., which we pass on the right. Here the road descends, and is completely shaded by the branching trees which grow luxuriantly on its skirts. At about a distance of a quarter of a mile from the Gates, on looking back, an excellent view of this handsome edifice is obtained. It was erected on the site where formerly stood Steephill Cottage, which was built by the Right Hon. Hans Stanley, who was Governor of the Isle of Wight, towards the end of the last century, and it afterwards became the residence of the late Earl of

Dysart. The present proprietor commenced this noble structure in 1831, which was completed in 1833. The designs for it were made by James Sanderson, architect, who constructed the Town Hall at Ryde, and who was unfortunately cut off, in the midst of his professional career, in 1834. It is built in imitation of a baronial castle of the fourteenth century, during the reign of Edward I., and presents an embattled façade, with a Gothic portal, and oriel windows, having towers with battlements at the angles, and another rising in the centre, surmounted by a turret similarly ornamented.

The interior of the building displays much taste and elegance in the general design and ornamental appendages; it having been the object of the architect to combine, as far as possible, the features of an ancient baronial fortress with those architectural arrangements which are conducive to comfort and convenience among the higher classes of society in modern times. The principal apartments are most splendidly fitted up, and decorated with antique furniture, especially the Hall, the Drawing-room, and the Library, the windows of which are ornamented with stained glass, and the sides and ceilings display elaborately carved mouldings and cornices.

In the pleasure-grounds, where nature has been lavish in decorating the sylvan scene, the hand of art has since been employed, with the utmost taste and judgment, in making appropriate additions and improvements; so that what was before merely a beautiful wilderness, has been transformed into a delightful garden. The undulating ground, sheltered by tall trees, and defended on the north

by the bold wall of the Uppercliff, has been laid out in the most admirable and judicious manner. Near the house, everything wears the aspect of artificial elegance; while the part extending to a distance westward exhibits shady lawns and tangled shrubberies, which have all the freedom of native woods and wilds. Within this noble domain are greenhouses, in which lemon and orange trees, with other exotics, flourish in perfection, as luxuriant as in their native climes. Further away, towards the entrance to the grounds from Ventnor, are an excellent kitchen garden, a hot-house for forcing vines, pine-beds, and other arrangements for producing various luxuries for the table. Here, too, is a room containing a collection of minerals and fossils from the vicinity, among which are some fine specimens of the *cornu ammonis*. It is evident that no expense has been spared by the spirited and munificent owner, to make this delightful place the general theme of admiration and surprise, by the unrivalled combination of every excellence which art or genius could devise.

The views from the lawn, the windows, or from the summit of the building, take in a great variety and wide scope of beautiful scenery; the open Channel is seen in front, while on one side the prospect extends to St. Lawrence, and on the other to St. Boniface Down and Bonchurch.

The grounds were laid out by Page of Southampton, under the superintendence of the refined taste of the proprietor. The consummate skill with which this has been executed has been testified by a very competent judge.

Mr. Paxton, the eminent gardener of the Duke of Devonshire, has stated, that of all the places he had ever seen, none were superior to the view from the drawing-room windows ; and that although he had travelled over the greater part of Europe, and surveyed the most celebrated garden scenes, there was no place with which he was so much gratified, as with the grounds of Steep-hill.

Shortly after passing Steep-hill Castle, the Coast-guard station, with its Look-out, and small forts erected on the shore cliff, are seen towards the sea. A little further on the left is situated the

COTTAGE OF THE HON. CAPT. DUDLEY PELHAM, R.N.

built in the Elizabethan style, the dark roof of which, with its ornamented chimneys, is just visible amongst the trees. At the side of its rustic gate is the gardener's lodge, nearly covered with ivy ; and a picturesque well, beneath a simple thatch, has a pretty effect on the roadside. We now descend into a shady dell, where, in a deep recess on the right is the celebrated

WELL OF ST. LAWRENCE.

This very attractive object, surmounted by a cross, presents the appearance of a hermit's cell, and is enclosed in a Gothic Portal of very chaste design, partially over-run with ivy. Simplicity of style has, with great propriety, been made the characteristic of this little edifice.

The Well itself is a fountain of ever-flowing liquid crystal, the gentle murmurs of which, harmonizing with the whisperings of the surrounding foliage, amidst which the fluttering zephyrs play, produce the most tranquil and soothing sensations. The water, as it issues from the rock, passes through a dolphin's head, and falls in a continuous stream into a large shell, from which it descends to the water-course beneath the road, and makes its way to the sea.

As the Diamond in brightness all gems doth excel,
So no water 's more crystal than this limpid Well.

THE MARINE VILLA OF THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.

This delightful residence, the marine *Tusculanum* of the Worsleys, is situated opposite the Well of St. Lawrence. On entering its gates, the following inscription appears upon its walls :—

“ Forsake the tawdry tinsel of the great,
The peaceful cottage beckons a retreat,
Where true content each solid comfort brings—
To kings unknown, and favourites of kings !”

Secluded, and almost hidden by the surrounding foliage, the villa can scarcely be seen by the passing stranger. The reader may, however, form some idea of it from the following description.

In the deep recess of the village of St. Lawrence, between the road and a pleasant sandy cove, bounded by white cliffs, and faced by a small battery of brass cannon,

on a verdant lawn, embowered in delightful shades, stands this Marine Villa; a retirement alike of elegance and comfort, totally sequestered, yet rich in every ornament of nature and art.

The villa was erected and furnished in a splendid style by the late Sir Richard Worsley, and presents a scene of considerable beauty. The architectural decorations consist of an entrance gateway designed by Inigo Jones, which once graced Hampton Court; a pavilion designed from the Temple of Minerva at Athens, fitted up as a banqueting room or saloon; and a model of the Temple of Neptune at Corinth containing an orangery and conservatory. Some of the ornamental objects which formerly decorated the spot, have been removed to Appuldurcombe. Here the founder planted, at a great expense, a vineyard, which affording but an inadequate produce, a few terraces under the slope of the lawn now alone remain, where the vines are trained and kept in excellent order.

On another part of the villa, is the following quotation from Shakspeare's *AS YOU LIKE IT*.

“ And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees; books in the running brook;
Sermons in stones—and good in everything.”

VILLAGE OF ST. LAWRENCE AND CHURCH.

After passing the Well, the road suddenly ascends, and becomes narrowed between stone walls and lofty elms, and we enter the little romantic village, where we observe several of its rural cottages nearly overrun with ivy.

After passing through it, we observe, on the top of the ascending road on the left, the little church, and on the right, the neatly-built gothic Vestry Room.

On approaching the church, we are struck with its very charming simplicity—its single bell suspended within the small gothic arch of its ivy-covered turret—and its churchyard kept in the most beautiful order, many of the tombs overspread with flowers, and even those which denote the spot where—

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep”

have every care and attention bestowed upon their mossy mounds.

The CHURCH, situated beneath the great wall of the Uppercliff, (which appears above it like an immense range of towering rampart,) is said to have been the smallest parochial one in England. It was originally only twenty feet in length, by twelve in breadth, and only six feet in height to the eaves; but the Earl of Yarborough caused it to be lengthened a few feet, to adapt it to the increased population of the village. It is chiefly distinguished by a cross on the gable of the east end, and an open turret on the opposite extremity. As to its date, in the absence of all record, it would be useless to speculate.

This parish was anciently called *St. Lawrence under Wath*. It became a part of the property of the family of Worsley in the time of Henry the Eighth; and the estate descended to the late Sir Richard Worsley, whose granddaughter, (ultimately the sole heiress,) married the late Earl of Yarborough.

The greater part of the parish consists of a slip of land extending about a mile and a half along the sea-shore, and secluded from the adjacent country, which lies very high above it, by a range of steep rocky cliffs on the north, abutting in the most picturesque forms upon the Undercliff, upon which huge fragments frequently fall from the heights. It is here that the tourist travelling from Ventnor, first observes the grand, wild, and native character of the region of the Undercliff.

A little beyond the Church of St. Lawrence, an irregularly trodden pathway, called Redgone, may be seen leading up the cliff. Here many pedestrians prefer ascending to the margin of the *Uppercliff*, and thence pursue their walk as far as Cripple Path (a spot hereafter described) where they descend to continue their route along the high road of the Undercliff. This plan is certainly desirable, as it affords the opportunity of viewing the luxuriant region that lies below them, bounded by the mighty ocean spread beyond the whole. In all cases we certainly advise every one to ascend the cliffs at Cripple Path, to enjoy its magnificent and marvellous scene, and then to return again to the road, and resume their journey along the Undercliff.

THE UNDERCLIFF.

Passing along the Undercliff from St. Lawrence, the scene becomes more wild and majestic. The range of the Uppercliff rises with imposing grandeur, and the series of declivities between its base and the sea (which widens considerably as we approach Mirables) is covered with numberless fragments of rock fallen from above. Here, we may observe at every turn of the road a curious variety in the contour or profile of the projecting Uppercliff, not two of them being alike; and when seen by twilight, as they lie massed in shadow against the glimmering sky, they may be fancied to resemble gigantic heads, some looking towards the heavens, others drooping to the earth, or scowling on the sea. We recommend all who have a taste for sublime scenery to avail themselves of the opportunity of beholding this extraordinary region by *moonlight*, when the mighty sheet of waters spread in front, reflects from its rippling waves a gleam of silvery and resplendent light.

The Undercliff, as we have already noticed, may be regarded as commencing at Bonchurch on the east, and extending westward to Knowles or Rocken End, in the vicinity of Black Gang, a line of nearly six miles. A perpendicular precipice stretches along its entire length. At the summit are extensive fields and Downs. The space which is spread below this lofty rampart varies in width

from half a mile to a mile, and comprises the Undercliff, which reaches to the sea. In this tract enormous blocks of rock lie scattered about in all directions, half hidden by tangled brambles, and partially overrun with ivy and other evergreens, and here and there interspersed, are highly cultivated spots, some of which, of two or three acres in extent, with inclosures of luxuriant vegetation, where at intervals we observe the handsome villa and the ornamented cottage peering from between the foliage, the blue smoke curling amidst the branches of the clustered trees.

The formation of this remarkable coast having already been described in these pages, it is unnecessary to repeat it—ages have rolled on since the mighty disruptions of the cliff, the most recent of which must have occurred many centuries ago, and the undulating terraces of the Undercliff are the result of such repeated landslips, which, in this locality, are not likely to happen again, as the enormous masses of chalk, which, in those convulsions, have been hurled down towards the sea, now form substantial barriers against any further escape of the understratum of the Uppercliff, called Blue Slipper.

We must not omit to notice, that, between Steephill Cove and St. Lawrence is a line of highly picturesque and lofty cliffs, leaning forward over the sea shore in the most threatening attitude; and the passage is obstructed by numerous rocks, some of immense size, which have fallen from the cliff. This place, called Western Lines, extends about half a mile, and affords an excellent spot for the geologist to explore, and to study the peculiar

kinds of rocks which form this part of the coast. Few persons, however, visit it, it being out of the beaten track.

Pursuing our tour from St. Lawrence, we shortly pass on our left the entrance gates of

OLD PARK,

The seat of J. Walkinshaw, Esq., the piers of which, formed of large blocks of sandstone roughly put together, are partly covered with ivy. The house, situated at some distance from the gate, is a substantial building of good design. The private road leading to it, winds through an extensive plantation of firs, and a sheet of water, a dairy, cornmill, and bathing-house, contribute in giving variety to the grounds.—We now approach

MIRABLES,

The charming villa of Mrs. Arnold, who has resided here many years, and has attained a very advanced age. The house is partially seen between the stems of an umbrageous mass of lofty trees, casting their deep shadows across the road. Above their tufted heads innumerable rooks hover over their high-built nests, and caw in the air. The dwelling, which is almost entirely screened from view, is in the simple cottage style, with a veranda facing the sea. One of the apartments is of a superior description, and is adorned with some excellent pictures. This opens to a lawn gently undulating to the shore, and is surrounded by a shrubbery intersected by serpentine walks

and enriched with beds of fragrant flowers. The pleasure grounds, although small, are so admirably contrived as to appear of considerable extent, and are cooled by a perennial flow of limpid water. A neat dairy is attached, and over its tiled floor glides the pellucid stream, imparting a refreshing and delicious sensation during the summer season.

All the seats and villas of the Undercliff are held in seclusion, and the tourist can obtain but a partial glimpse of them, unless favoured by special leave to enjoy a sight of the artificial embellishments of their varied situations. The grounds of these villas generally form their principal attraction, and as these chiefly face the sea, the stranger has no access to them. The principal beauty of the Undercliff, however, consists in that portion which exhibits its primitive state, where Nature reigns triumphant, imparting a much higher gratification by the display of her native charms, than any adornment the hand of refinement can possibly confer.

Now the gently falling shower
Raises ev'ry drooping flower,
Ferns and blooming heaths abound,
Breathing freshness all around ;—
And here, upon a summer's night,
The mossy banks bespangled bright,
Are glitt'ring with the glow-worm's light!

On passing Mirables, where the road ascends, we observe the grandeur of the projecting mass of the Upper-cliff as we wind beside its front. The road on either side

is here fenced by a slight iron palisade, in which, on the right hand, is a latch gate opening towards the steps of

CRIPPLE PATH.

Here we advise the tourist to ascend the rugged cliff, (the pathway to it being perfectly safe,) and to enjoy from the margin of the fields above, the extraordinary region spread beneath him. This elevated position commands the whole of the Undercliff from St. Lawrence to the Lighthouse at Niton, and presents to the eye a singular picture of native wildness, blended with partial cultivation, and a rich display of landscape scenery—the whole bounded by the mighty ocean, on whose bosom are floating the widely-extended shadows of the clouds, whilst the lofty wall of rock, like a stupendous rampart, seems to threaten, and to frown upon the peaceful scene below.

Looking from this height towards the left, we see the distant undulating grounds of the vale of St. Lawrence. Then succeeds OLD PARK. The tall clustered trees of MIRABLES next appear. Immediately opposite to us, is the delightful seat called THE ORCHARD, where a circular fish pond is seen within its grounds. Beyond it, towards the west, is PUCKASTER COTTAGE, the residence of Mrs. Vine, and in its vicinity are descried the picturesque fishing huts of Puckaster Cove. Still further towards the west, is the Lighthouse at Niton, rising like a handsome lofty pillar near the shore; whilst in the immediate vicinity of Cripple Path, on the right of the road, is the pretty cottage called BEAUCHAMP, above which impends

the craggy towering Uppercliff. This scene, under the influence of certain effects of light and shade, presents one of the most splendid views in the Island, and should never be omitted to be visited by any one making the tour of the Undercliff. We now descend, and resume our journey along the high road, passing on our left

THE ORCHARD,

The Seat of Sir Willoughby Gordon, Bart.

A handsome stone structure standing upon a verdant terrace facing the sea, and resembling, on a small scale, the terraced slopes of an Italian Villa. The parapet on the margin of the terrace is decorated at intervals with handsome vases, filled with the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, presenting an appearance of considerable splendour. On the lawn below it, is a circular fish-pond with a fountain, throwing up jets of the purest crystal water. The grounds, enriched by a great variety of exuberant foliage, display in their general arrangement, the greatest taste. From the terrace descends a flight of steps, (leading to the pleasure garden,) overarched by a canopy of luxuriant fig trees, whose twisted branches and broad dark leaves form a delightful shade. The Orchard is generally considered to be the most handsome seat in this part of the Undercliff.

Nearly opposite to it, we observe

BEAUCHAMP,

A neat and pretty cottage, built of stone, and situated on the right hand of the road, immediately under the impending Uppercliff. A lawn of the finest verdure slopes towards the road, whence a good view of it is obtained, and where its green mounds appear to the greatest advantage. The grounds although small, are adorned with some noble firs, pines, and a variety of other trees. We next skirt the margin of one of the most beautiful cottage retreats in the Island, situated on the left of the road, called

PUCKASTER COTTAGE,

The charming residence of Mrs. Vine, designed in the best taste as a cottage ornée, with a semicircular front facing the sea. It was originally thatched, but is now covered with a roof of dark-red ornamented tiles. Around its rustic pillars are clinging the most elegant creeping plants, the whole presenting a scene of great beauty. In the grounds are two immense fragments of rock jutting forth amidst fragrant shrubs and flowers, whilst a magnificent Laurustina hedge, bearing a profusion of bloom, nearly surrounds the pleasure garden. The interior of the house displays great taste, its principal room containing drawings by first-rate artists, selected from a large collection made by the late James Vine, Esq. Amongst them is one of Black Gang Chine—the waves beating on the beach, and boatmen pushing off to sea.

This fine drawing was made expressly for Mr. Vine by the late talented artist Luke Clennell.

In the vicinity of this cottage is Puckaster Cove, (to which a lane leads down towards the shore,) presenting a very picturesque subject for the pencil; where a few huts upon the beach are used to deposit nets and fishing gear. The best scene, however, of this kind is afforded at Luccombe Chine, where the poor fishermen of that locality reside with their families, a spot which reminded us of the following lines, partly translated from the ancient Greek poet Moschus.

THE FISHER'S HOME.

See yonder huts upon the rocky shore,
 Of thatch so rude—and weatherbeaten door,
 Where net and line are loosely spread around;
 'Tis there the fisher's humble home is found.
 Sad is the doom, and irksome is the lot,
 To hold life's tenure on a fragile boat—
 To plough the restless deep—its dang'rous way,
 And oft pursue in vain the finny prey.
 Thus the poor fisher toils upon the sea—
 A sea of trouble and adversity.
 Ye who for worldly thrift or pleasures roam,
 Reflect upon the fisher and his home.

At Puckaster Cove, Charles II. landed, after encountering a violent storm at sea in 1675, as recorded in the register at Niton, and attested by Thomas Collinson, at that time Rector of Niton.

In the immediate vicinity of Puckaster Cottage, is a new

and large establishment called "The Undercliff Boarding House," to which "The Victoria Baths," for sea-bathing, are attached.

Pursuing our course, the "Well House" is situated at the foot of the descent of the road on the left, and we pass on our right a tastefully built white house, with an Italian tower, called "La Rosière," the property of Joseph Lobb, Esq.; and thence shortly arrive at the cross-road, which at the turnpike strikes off to the right and left, the former leading to Niton and the latter to the Sandrock Hotel and Black Gang.

A handsome villa called "Westcliff" faces us as we proceed towards the turnpike. It was the residence of the late Mr. Holford, who bequeathed an immense fortune. Its fine hanging plantation of trees and shrubs, rising to the summit of the precipice behind it, imparts considerable richness and beauty to the scene. We next reach—

THE SANDROCK HOTEL,

A delightful spot, situated on a rising ground towards the uppercliff, and commanding a fine view of the sea. It was originally built as the private residence of a gentleman of taste and fortune, who greatly admired the wild scenery of the Undercliff. It was afterwards purchased to be converted into an hotel—hence, it has more the appearance of a decorated villa, rather than that of a house of public resort. On its green sloping lawn are large fragments of rock, which long since have fallen from the impending precipice. The grounds

are kept in beautiful order, and are enriched with flower-beds, and with choice creepers clinging to the rocks. The veranda in front of the house is supported by ten rustic pillars, entwined by twisted branches of ivy over-running the top, affording to the visitors a delightful shelter from the rays of a mid-day sun, and where may be enjoyed to perfection the sea-breeze in the open air.

Proceeding, we come to a branch of the road on the left, which leads by Buddle Farm, to the new houses called St. Catherine's Place, and to the Lighthouse, where, near the latter, is the Old Farm of Knowles. The main road ascends towards Mount Cleves, a modern built house, the villa of John Mortimer, Esq., and thence continues to Black Gang Chine Hotel, which is situated near the summit of the Chine.

Previous to pursuing our main route, we advise all travellers on reaching this spot to avail themselves of the opportunity of enjoying the gratification of a visit to—

THE LIGHT-HOUSE NEAR NITON,

A very handsome and conspicuous object, presenting the appearance of a lofty column. From the gallery of its lantern may be seen a magnificent view of the bold scenery near Rocken End, comprising the termination of the Undercliff in this direction, and especially while looking towards Gore Cliff. It was built from the designs of Messrs. Walker and Burgess, of London, and was commenced in 1838, completed in 1840, and lighted on the first of March in that year. Its height is 100 feet from the

surface of the ground, the lantern being nearly thirty feet more, and its foundation (which is formed of solid masonry) twenty-seven feet below the surface of the huge rocks on which it is built. The diameter of its foundation is thirty feet, and every precaution has been adopted to secure its stability. It is cased with Portland and Purbeck stone, and the turret which surmounts it is formed of Cornish granite. The burners consist of four concentric wicks, surrounded by six refractors on Sir David Brewster's principle, 228 glass mirrors, and at the back, four spherical reflectors. The Trinity Board having spared no expense in adopting the most scientific principles in its formation, it may be considered as one of the most perfect Lights on the coast.

The great importance of it in this dangerous place may be estimated from the fact, that since its erection, no loss of shipping has occurred during the night; whereas, in former years, every winter produced its disasters, no less than fourteen vessels have been known to be wrecked in one night in Chale Bay. This Light has been plainly seen at sea to the extent of thirty miles. The visitor will be agreeably surprised at the remarkable *echo* in the interior of the tower, while ascending its spiral staircase to the top.

By express directions from the Trinity Board, the public are admitted freely to inspect it, and no one will regret a trifling donation to the Light Keepers, where so much civility is shown and such gratification afforded.

Rocken End is a dangerous reef of rocks in the vicinity of the Light House, and stretches from the shore far into

the sea. It consists of vast masses of rock which have probably lain there ever since the mighty disruptions which have severed them from the land at the time of the formation of the Undercliff.

Returning from the Light House, we retrace our steps, and ascend the high road leading towards Mount Cleves, and here we approach that mighty scene of devastation—

THE GREAT LANDSLIP AT ROCKEN END.

The stern character of desolation at this spot impresses the mind with wonder, while contemplating the vast ruin spread around. In the month of February, 1799, during a hard frost, a tract of land constituting a farm called Pitland's, separated itself from the line of coast, and descended towards the sea. The portion thus removed amounted to about 100 acres. Its movement was observed in its progress for two successive days, proceeding nearly in a direct line towards the beach. Curious changes took place on the surface of the travelling farm—trees and rocks shifting their position, exhibiting a picture of wild confusion, while in several places the earth sank as much as thirty feet below its former level, and a cottage which had been tastefully fitted up, was thrown down and buried in the fissures. The savage appearance of this Landslip differs from that at East End, near Bonchurch, and partakes in its features (like Black Gang) more of the sublime and awful—there is scarcely any vegetation to soften its severe aspect, whereas that of East End is

intermingled with foliage, and its fallen fragments adorned with ivy, holly, and various evergreens.

We conclude our account of this extraordinary spot with the following extract from Mr. Roscoe's *Isle of Wight* :—

“A scene of wild yet picturesque desolation, as if the Titans or other old giants of the earth had been playing at football, knocked everything out of its place, and then mingled all together in sportive play, leaving the whole just as we see it—‘a mighty mass in dread disorder hurled.’”

A stroll down the Landslip, amongst the gigantic fragments, if time allow it, will afford the tourist considerable gratification. It may be reached by a road leading down to a villa built in the Italian style, with a small turret, called “South Sea House.” Descending this road, and passing a stile or two made in the walls on the declivity, the footpath may be easily traced. A picturesque waterfall is seen gushing from the cliff, and its stream hurrying amongst the fallen rocks towards the sea. In the distance below, towards the west, appears a handsome marine villa, and directly beyond the remote dark sea-cliff, is the mouth of the celebrated ravine, Black Gang Chine.

The Sandrock Chalybeate Spring is situated on the precipitous descent of the cliff, representing a Hermit's cell. The Dispensary Cottage attached to it, we pass on the road. The spring was discovered in 1809, by Mr. Waterworth, a surgeon of Newport. It is a tonic of the most powerful kind, and has been found singularly efficacious in the cure of indigestion, nervous affections, and general debility. For more particular information on the

properties of this water, the reader is referred to a letter by the discoverer, and to the "Report" of Dr. Lempriere. Proceeding about another half mile, we arrive at Black Gang Hotel, where a welcome repast awaits us previously to visiting the Chine.

BLACK GANG CHINE.

A mighty waste, repulsive and severe
 Through all the various changes of the year ;
 But doubly awful when the wintry gale
 Drives the huge billows o'er the rocks of Chale—
 Those fatal rocks, whose iron-girdled forms
 Have mark'd the fury of a thousand storms,
 And, midst the wildness of conflicting waves,
 Hurl'd countless victims to their wat'ry graves!

An earth of leaden hue pervades the Chine,
 Its rocks on tiers of dusky clay recline;
 Huge belts of stone the murky heights surround,
 And on each zone embedded earths abound ;
 The girdled cliffs at sea loom large and high,
 Like steps colossal leading to the sky,
 Resting their bulk upon the steeps below,
 Where scarce a blade of grass is seen to grow ;
 Stern in their aspect—threat'ning in their brow.

A gloomy cavern yawns upon the shore,
 Where hollow sounds presage in sullen roar
 The storm's approach,—and from that dismal cell
 Arise the echoes of "the last farewell"—
 Despair's dread cry of mental agony,
 Blent with the thunders of the raging sea!

This Chine, though it does not, like Shanklin, present those features of natural scenery which at once charm as well as surprise the spectator, yet it is not less deserving of notice as an object of picturesque sublimity. In its general character, Black Gang Chine forms a striking contrast to that of Shanklin; for the rocks here, instead of being clothed with rich and beautiful foliage, and flowers of varied hues, exhibit to the eye of the observer their naked surface, as they tower in gloomy grandeur toward the sky.

The Chine of Blackgang terminates toward the west that tract of coast called "the Undercliff," and consists of an irregular opening, or vast fissure in the side of St. Catherine's Hill, the most considerable eminence in the southern part of the island.

No vegetation appears on the surface of this rude and dreary glen, whose flanks are continually undergoing degradation and decay. They are chiefly composed of very dark blue clay, through which extend at intervals horizontal strata of yellow sand-stone, from twelve to fifteen feet in thickness, which split naturally into cubical blocks, giving the front of the rocky barrier the appearance of vast courses of masonry, built at certain heights, to sustain the fabric of the mouldering hill.

On descending to the shore, we may perceive that a stratum of iron-stone forms a cornice on the sea-cliff, from the edge of which the stream of water falls vertically about seventy feet. As the substratum of the rocky barrier is of a softer material than iron-stone, consisting of black indurated clay, the continual action of the descending stream

has scooped in it a hollow recess forming the cavern on the beach, the sides of which shine faintly, from damp, and are tinged of a deep green by aquatic lichens, or stained by ferruginous exudations, owing to the gradual decomposition of the iron-stone.

The silver thread of water falling over the cavern on the beach is sometimes twisted into fantastic curves by the eddying breeze, borne aloft through the air, and then dissipated in misty spray. The stream, however, presents a variety of interesting aspects, as beheld from different points, and under different circumstances. After sudden heavy rains, or the melting of snow, the quantity of water is vastly augmented, and the usually insignificant rill becomes for a time a mighty cataract, the appearance of which will clearly indicate the powerful effect it may produce on the rocks among which it takes its course. Occasionally, when a south wind causes a heavy swell on the shore, the echoing sound of the lashing billows, reverberated from the gloomy cave behind the falling water of the mountain stream, has a truly awful effect, like a chorus of bellowing monsters of the deep issuing from the obscure profound of the mysterious recess.

The impression on the mind produced by viewing this place arises from a combination of circumstances. The rushing sound of the waves, echoed and re-echoed from the wall of irregular rock-work—the apparent insecurity of the blocks and boulders—the gloomy aspect of the gaping Chine, and its dreary cave—altogether cause sensations more easily conceived than described.

The coast of this part of the island has too often been

the scene of wreck and ruin to the mariner. One of the latest events of this kind was the destruction of the Clarendon, which took place in October, 1836, and in consequence of it the New Light House, near Niton, was erected, since which no wreck has taken place in the night, at this spot.

This vessel was a West Indiaman of 345 tons burthen, which sailed from Basseterre Road, in the island of St. Kitt's, on the 27th of August, in the above year, under the command of Captain Samuel Walker, with a lading of sugar, rum, turtle, and other produce of the West Indies. The crew, including the officers, consisted of sixteen men, and there were on board the vessel the following passengers:—Lieutenant Shore, of the 14th regiment of foot, his wife, and four daughters, the youngest an infant; Walter Pemberton, Esq., a planter of St. Kitt's, and his daughter; Miss Gourlay, (the daughter of Captain Gourlay, R.N., of Southsea;) Mr. Sheppard, a planter; and a corporal of the 14th, the servant of Mr. Shore. The passage homeward was rather stormy; but the ship arrived in sight of the Scilly Islands in safety, on the 9th of October, and proceeded onward up the English Channel.

Circumstances appeared favourable till the night of Monday, the 10th of October, when a heavy gale came on, attended with extreme darkness; and with the first dawn of daylight, the crew, to their utter dismay, perceived land right ahead, towards which the ship was rapidly driving. This was the coast in front of Black Gang Chine, at the southern extremity of Chale Bay.

Although aware of their danger, there was no confusion among the sailors, but all did their duty with alacrity, and a press of sail was carried, to work off the shore; but the sea ran so high, and the in-set of the flood was so strong, that the ship "went bodily leeward," though the master, 'til the last extremity, exerted himself to the utmost, in the hope of keeping clear of the shore.

The vessel was not more than double her own length from the beach, when she touched the shingle twice, though not heavily; and at each shock were heard, amidst the howlings of the storm, the despairing shrieks of the people on board.

On beam-ends thrown—the breakers on her lee,
She lies the victim of the tearing sea.
And now the madd'ning waters hold their sway,
Tow'ring above in overwhelming spray,
Like fountains rising in triumphant play.

A giant surge comes rolling o'er the main,
Strikes her dark hull, and splits the ship in twain;
With sudden crash her frame and deck divide,
Her pent-up cargo bursts upon the tide.
Masts, blocks, and spars are dash'd the rocks among,
And o'er the beach in wild disorder flung.

The tide receding from the peopled strand,
Now strewn with weeds and heaps of driven sand,
Leaves it, alas! with ruin overspread,
And here and there the bodies of the dead,—
Leaves them, though rescued from devouring waves,
To be the tenants of unthought-of graves.

All on board were lost, except the second mate and two sailors, who, having jumped overboard just before the ship parted, were washed on shore, and saved by the spirited efforts of those persons who had repaired to the beach to perform the hazardous duties of humanity. The bodies of the passengers and seamen, who had been involved in one common ruin, were found on the shore, in the course of a day or two after the shipwreck. Those of the *crew* were buried together in a large grave, in the village cemetery of Chale, the large mound of which still remains; and a vault was opened at the south-east end of the churchyard belonging to the parish of Newport, in which, on the 13th of October, were solemnly interred the mortal remains of the unfortunate Lieutenant Shore and his family. The bodies of Captain Walker, Mr. Pemberton and his daughter, and Mr. Sheppard, were entombed in the churchyard of Chale. The corpse of Miss Gourlay was carried to a distance from the scene of the wreck, and at length thrown on the coast at Southsea, near Portsmouth, (an extraordinary circumstance,) opposite to a cottage, the residence of her father, Captain Gourlay, of the Royal Navy.

From the summit of Black Gang, a fine coast view is commanded towards the west, where Freshwater Cliffs are seen to rise in the most stately grandeur, about 700 feet above the sea. At the extremity of these magnificent chalky heights, are situated the Needles, although not visible from hence, being hidden by the lofty cliffs. To enjoy a view of the superb scenery of that locality, every tourist is earnestly recommended to make a steam-voyage round the Island, if it were only to view *the Needles and*

Alum Bay from the sea, which indeed will impress the mind with a higher degree of grandeur than any other part of the Island. The Needles' Rocks, which are seen isolated in the Bay, resembling the "gigantic grinders of a stupendous jaw," are perfectly white, their summits covered with aquatic birds, and their dark weedy bases dashed by the driving waves; whilst in rounding the Needles' Point from the open sea, Alum Bay is seen immediately to adjoin the stupendous white cliffs of the Needles, and presents to the eye a most extraordinary scene—

Where Alum's Cliffs, in beauteous glow,
Their various hues display,—
Red, blue, and green, and yellow show
Their tints amongst the clay.

At times so richly bright and fair,
In all their silky dyes,—
'Twas IRIS surely planted there
Her colours from the skies!*

Another good view of the Needles is obtained from the elevated point of the Down, just beyond Freshwater Light House, but from thence they become more distant, and their position more foreshortened. That spot is, however, well worth visiting, as Scratchell's Bay, and its magnificent Arched Alcove, are seen from it to great advantage.

* These cliffs have been compared by Sir Henry Englefield to "the upright stripes on the petal of a tulip." They may perhaps be better described as being seen through the prismatic colours of the rainbow.



INDEX.

	PAGE
ADAMS, Rev. W., author of "The Shadow of the Cross," "The Old Man's Home," &c.	28
Ammonite, beak of, (<i>unique</i>), found at Pulpit Rock	16
Appuldurcombe Park and Mansion	73
—————, collection of pictures at	76
Archway at Pulpit Rock, a singular specimen of Nature's masonry	17
BEAUCHAMP	122
Bembridge Church	85
————— Down, and singular occurrence at	84
Black Gang Chine	129
Blue Slipper, cause of Landslips, described	66
Bonchurch	5, 93
—————, Air and Climate of	8, 12
————— view of it from Pulpit Rock	19
————— ditto from Ribbands' Hotel	93
————— Down, its ascent, and advice in ascending it	24
—————, altitude of	15

	PAGE
Bonchurch, Vale of	6
——— Old Church, and the ancient frescoes re- cently discovered on its walls . . .	26, 27
——— New Church, lately erected	25
——— Pond	29
——— Shute	26, 95
——— Shore, and waterfall on the beach . . .	31
———, facility of bathing at	31
Brading Church	87
——— Haven	89
——— New Vicarage House—(<i>note.</i>)	88
CARRIAGE-WAY from Shanklin to Bonchurch . . .	91
Cinerary urns, found at Mountfield	23
Clarendon, the, wreck of	132
Cliff Den, Bonchurch—Lady Hampson	20, 94
Cook's Castle	60, 67
Cottage of the Hon. Captain Dudley Pelham . .	111
Cripple Path—splendid view from it described .	120
Culver Cliffs	48, 61, 92
DAIRYMAN'S Daughter (Elizabeth Wallbridge) . .	89
Dunnose	47, 83
EAST DENE, Bonchurch, and its valuable antique furniture	20, 29
Epitaph on Mrs. Berry	87
——— on the Dairyman's Daughter, by the Rev. Legh Richmond	89

	PAGE
Fossils, choice collection of, at Mountfield, Bon- church	22
Fisher's Home, the	123
GODSHILL	78
———, monuments of the Worsley family at . . .	78
Glow-worms, myriads of, at Bonchurch and the Undercliff—(note.)	22, 19
Great Landslip at Rocken End, near Black Gang . .	127
HOBSON, Admiral, singular instance of heroism . .	95
Honeymoon Cottage	55
Horseshoe Bay, Bonchurch	31
LANDSLIP at East End	61
——— Poem on ditto	68
——— great ditto, near Black Gang	127
Landslips still occurring	67
Lighthouse at Niton	125
La Rosière	124
Luccombe Chine	63
——— Cottage	63
MARINE Villa of the Earl of Yarborough	112
Mill Bay, Ventnor	106
Mirables	118
Mount Cleves	125
Mountfield, Bonchurch, S. M. Saxby, Esq. . . .	19, 23

	PAGE
Mountfield, rare collection of Fossils at	22
———, Cinerary urns found at	23
NEWFOUNDLAND Dogs, Bonchurch, moulded after	
Landseer's picture	18
North America, a spot so called	59
OBELISK on Bembridge Down, to the memory of the	
late Earl of Yarborough	84
——— in commemoration of Sir Richard Worsley,	
at Appuldurcombe	77
Old Oak Tree, Shanklin Chine	55
Old Park	118
Orchard, the, Seat of Sir Willoughby Gordon,	
Bart.	121
Orchard Leigh, Bonchurch	21
POND at Bonchurch, described	
Puckaster Cottage, Mrs. Vine	122
——— Cove	123
Pulpit Rock, view from it described	13
———, grounds of	15
RED Deer, in former times, tenanted the Undercliff	
Ribbands' Hotel, Bonchurch	20
Richmond, Rev. Legh	88
Rocken End	126
Rose Cliff, Luccombe	63

	PAGE
Rosemount, Bonchurch	19
SANDOWN	79
——— Bay	51, 79, 84
——— Church	79
——— Fort	80
———, Wilkes's Cottage	80
Sandrock Chalybeate Spring	128
————— Hotel	124
Shanklin, Village of	45
——— Chine	51
———, head of	54
——— Cascade	56
——— Parsonage	58, 91
——— Church	46, 91
——— Houses on the Beach	47
——— Manor House, now a farm	50
——— Down	51
———, Carriage-way from Bonchurch to	91
———, "Summer's Day" at	35
——— as described by the Rev. Legh Richmond	56
Skeleton of a female, with an ancient armlet, found at Ventnor	66
Skeletons, gigantic, found at Brading	86
St. Boniface Cottage, now called St. Boniface House, Bonchurch Down	31 94, 106
Steephill Castle	108
St. Lawrence Village	113
————— Well	111

	PAGE
St. Lawrence Church	114
Summer's Day at Shanklin	35
TOMB of the Rev. W. Adams, at Bonchurch	28
Tower Cottage, Shanklin Chine	55
VENTNOR	99
——— Church	101
——— Cove	104
——— Esplanade	104
Victoria Baths for sea-bathing, near Puckaster Cove	124
UNDERCLIFF	116
——— Boarding House and Victoria Baths	124
Undermount Villa—H. Gould, Esq.	20
——— Rock	20
Under-Rock Villa—E. Peel, Esq.	21
Uppermount—Villa of Samuel Dick, Esq.	19, 29
WALK from Shanklin to the Landslip at East End	61
Waterfall (newly formed) at Bonchurch	7, 30
——— Ditto on the Beach at Bonchurch	31
Week Down	75
Western Lines	117
Westcliff Villa	124
Westfield—George Curtis, Esq.	21

	PAGE
Wishing Well	108
Woodlynch—Rev. James White	21
YARBOROUGH, late Earl of	75
————— Obelisk, erected to his memory	84
Yaverland—ancient Church of	80
————— Manor House	83

THE END.



3/6





